



PLASTIC MAN

NOVEMBER
No. 26

**ON THE WRONG SIDE OF
THE LAW?**

Well seeing is believing...

OR IS IT?

Read this astounding
story of the apparent
double life of

PLASTIC MAN!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

New All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only 10c

Instead of \$1.00

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Repeated to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body • plus many other world records!

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **HE-MAN** AT ANYTHING YOU TAKE UP WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—by fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all live of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nervous Steel, Muscles of Iron," has grained thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and men who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
Dept. Q-011 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.



I am making a drive for thousands of new friends last—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (valued at \$5 each), Muscles Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only 10c. Packed with HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-011 New York 1, N. Y.

FREE GIFT COUPON!

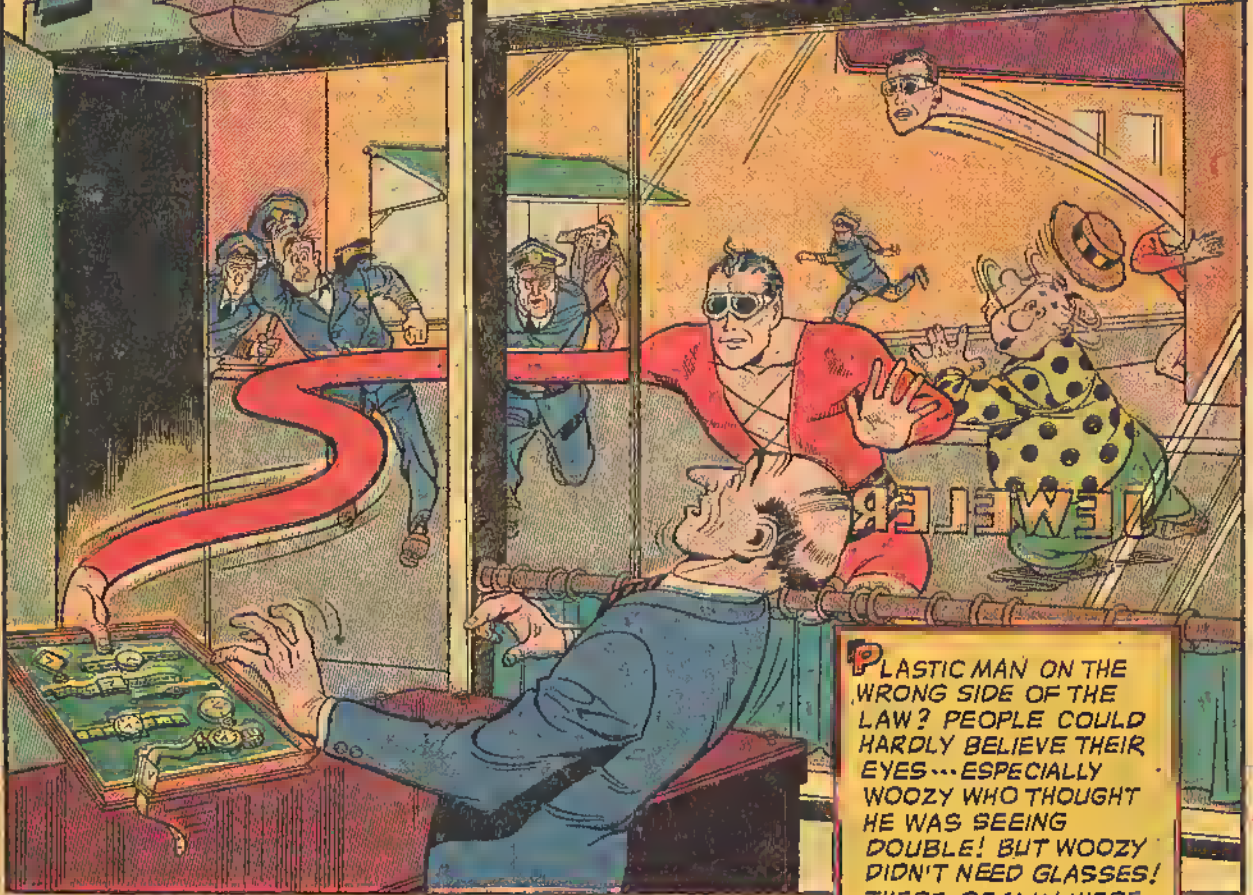
DEPT. Q-011

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscles Building Courses, 1. Molding a Mighty Chest, 2. Molding a Mighty Arm, 3. Molding a Mighty Grip, 4. Molding a Mighty Back, 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____
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CITY _____ ZONE & STATE _____

Plastic Man

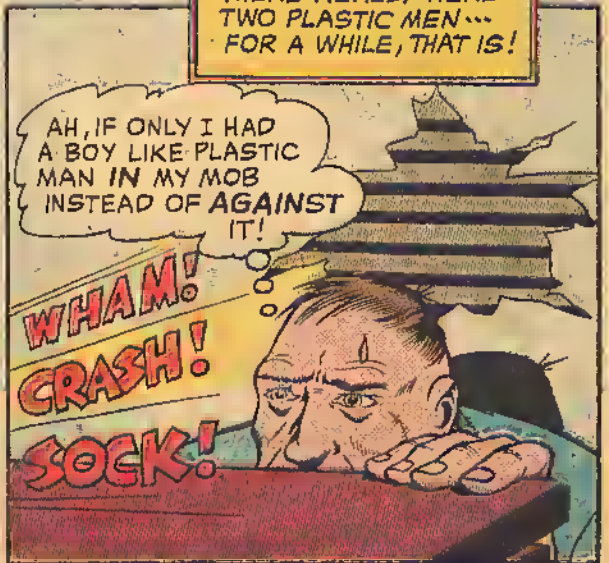


PLASTIC MAN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LAW? PEOPLE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES... ESPECIALLY WOODY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS SEEING DOUBLE! BUT WOODY DIDN'T NEED GLASSES! THERE REALLY WERE TWO PLASTIC MEN... FOR A WHILE, THAT IS!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH PLASTIC MAN ADMINISTERING HIS QUICK CRIME CURE ...



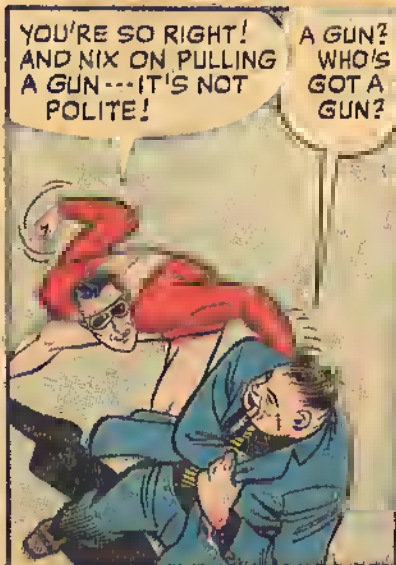
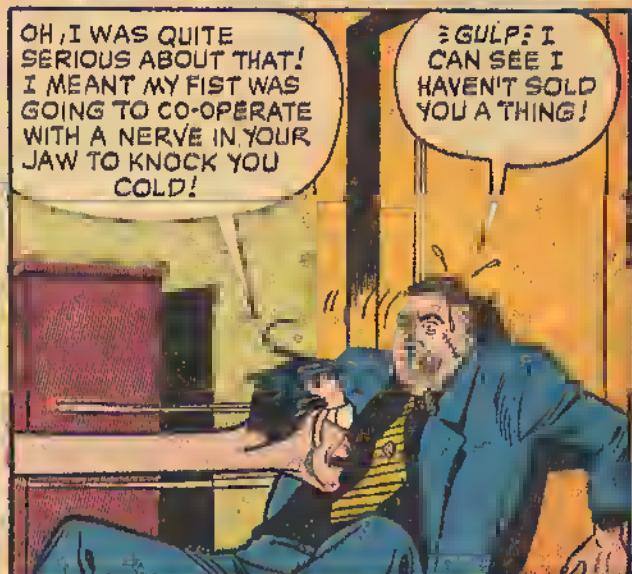
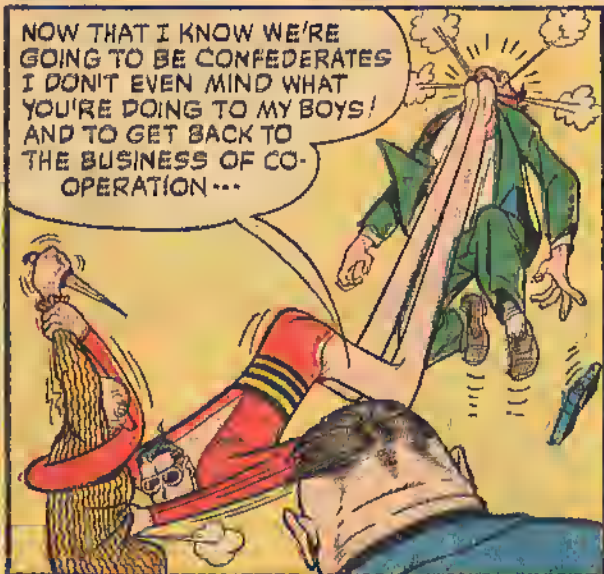
AND SOME PEOPLE SAY THE ATOM BOMB CAN BE DISASTROUS!



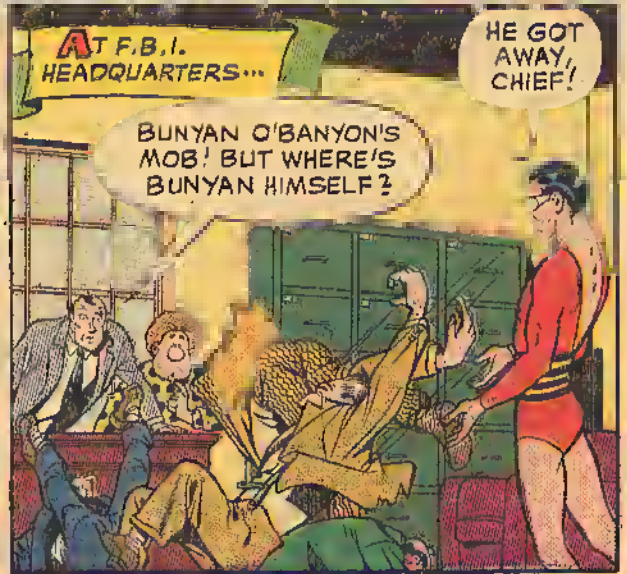
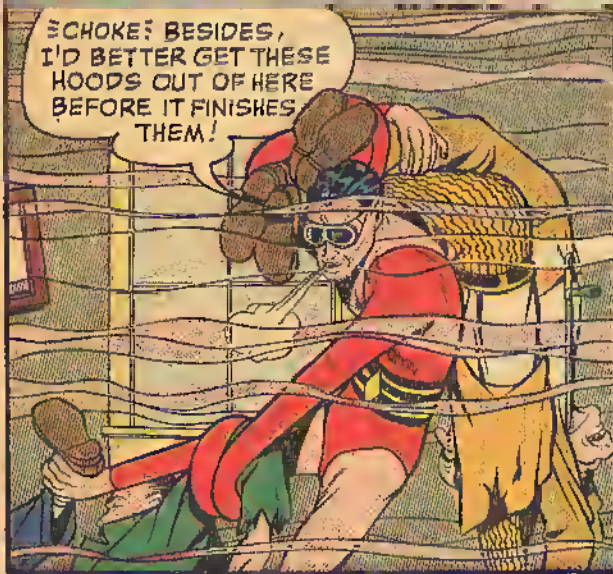
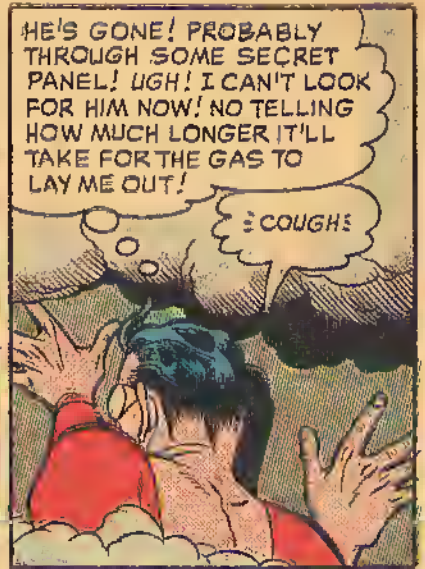
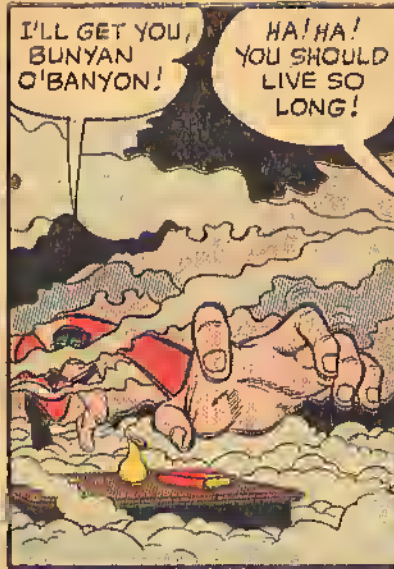
AH, IF ONLY I HAD A BOY LIKE PLASTIC MAN IN MY MOB INSTEAD OF AGAINST IT!

WHAM!
CRASH!
SOCK!

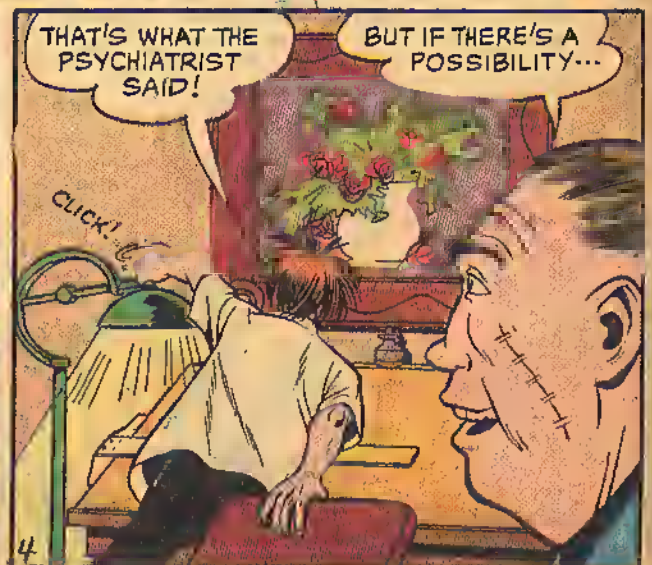
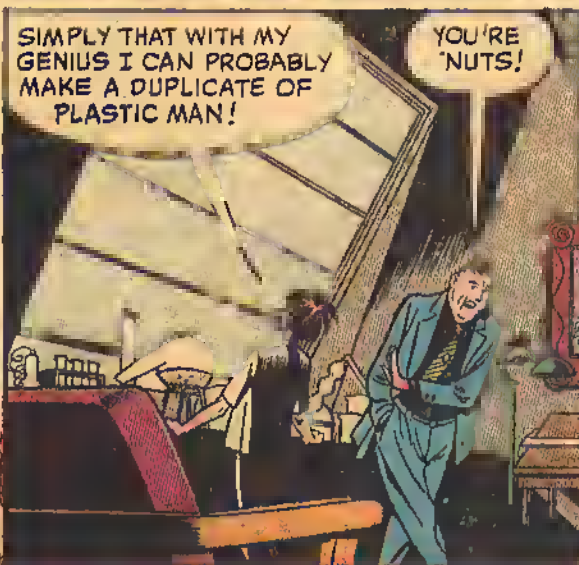
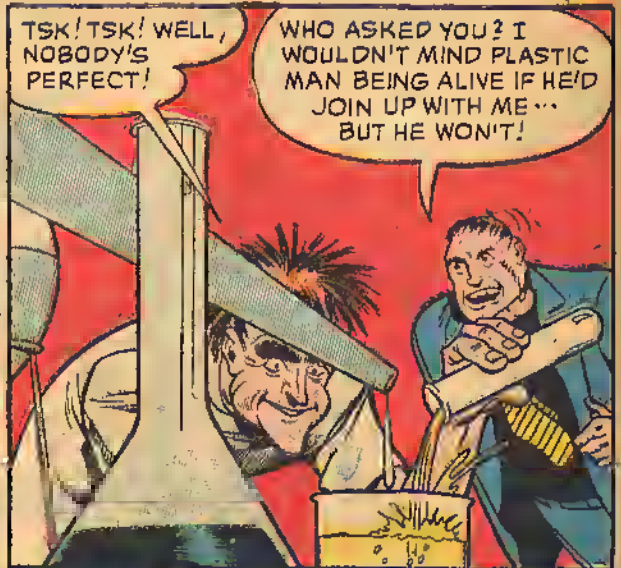
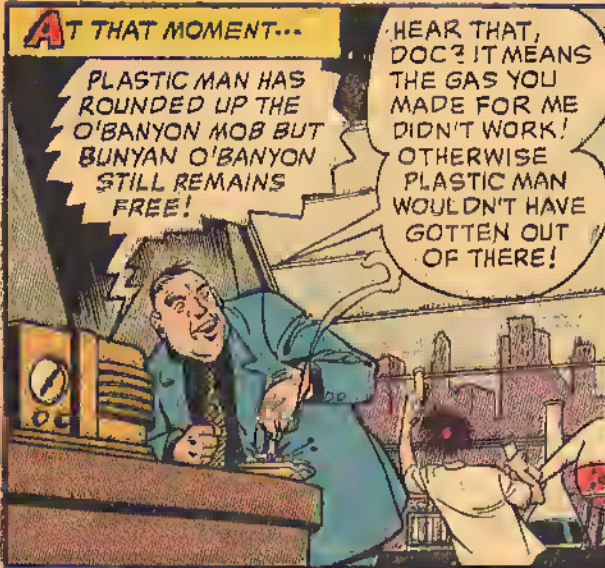
PLASTIC MAN



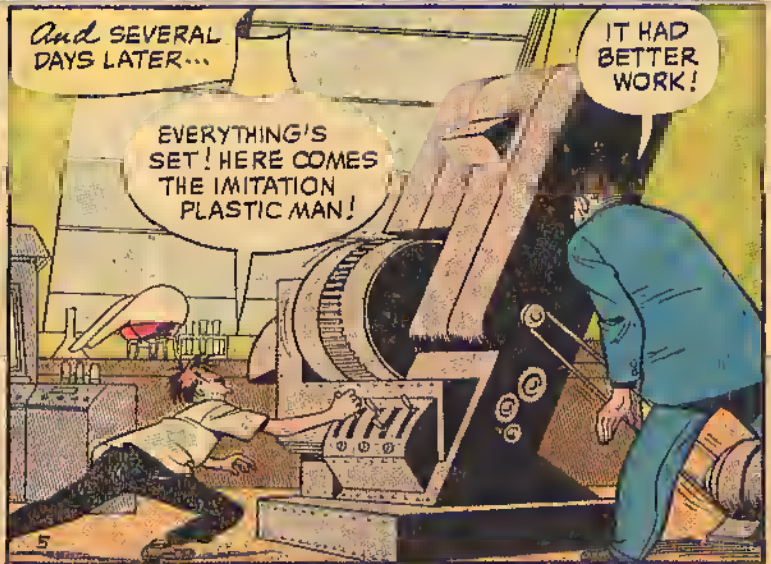
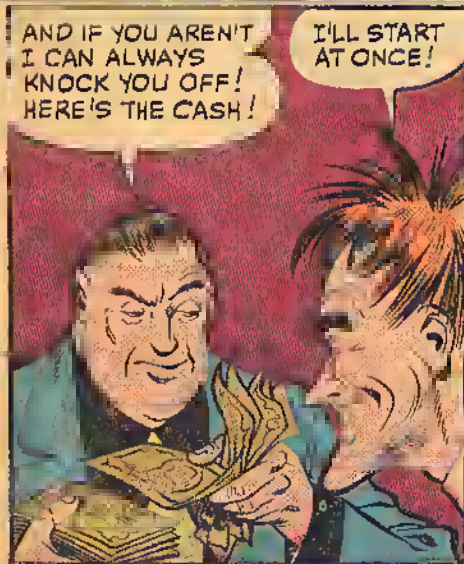
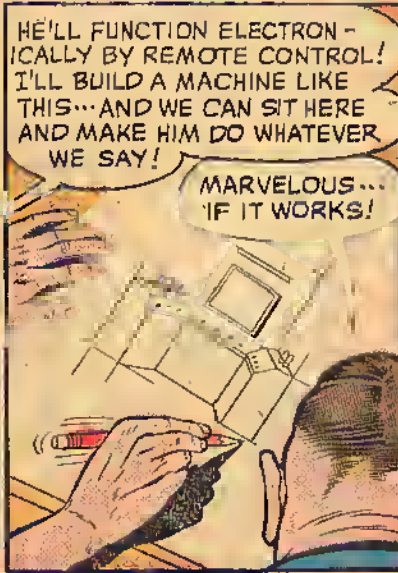
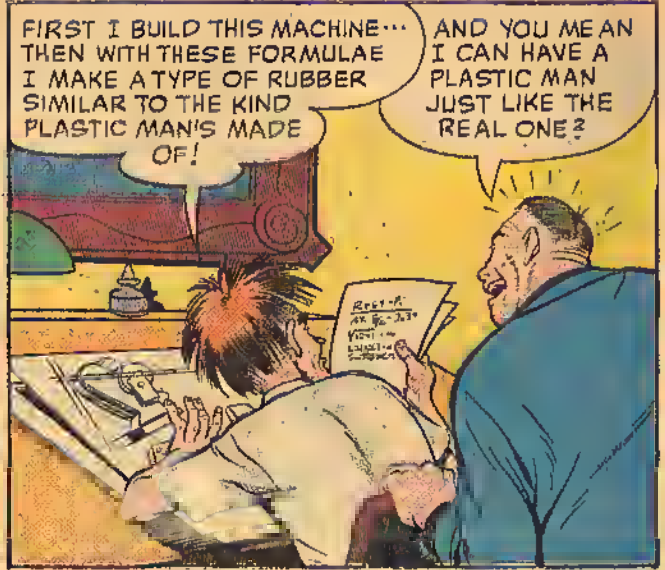
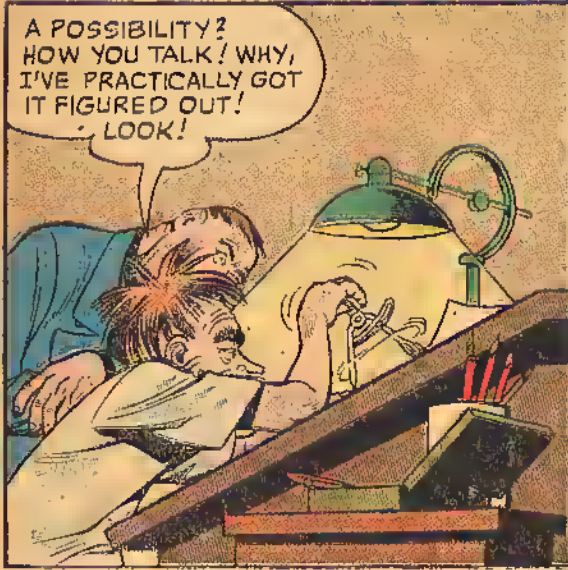
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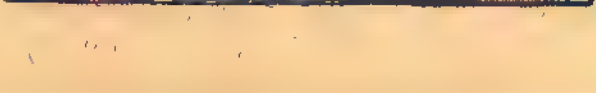
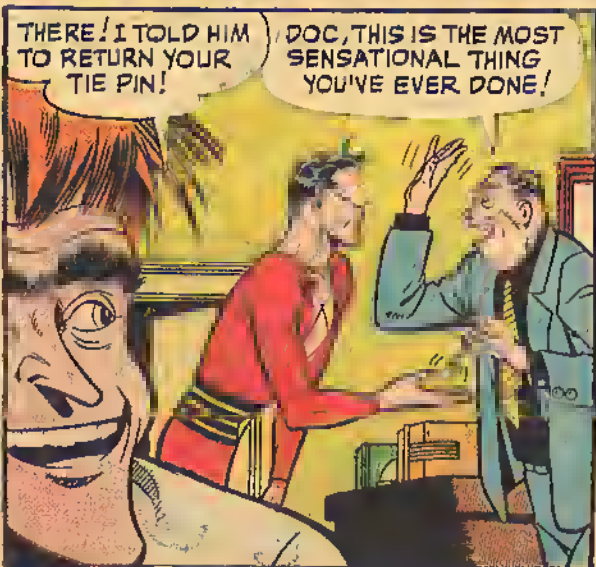
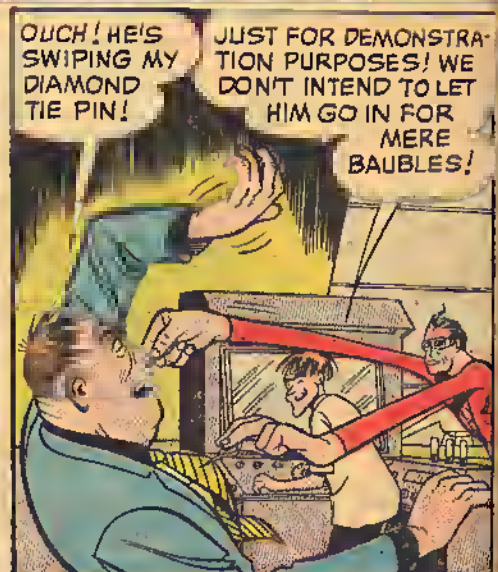
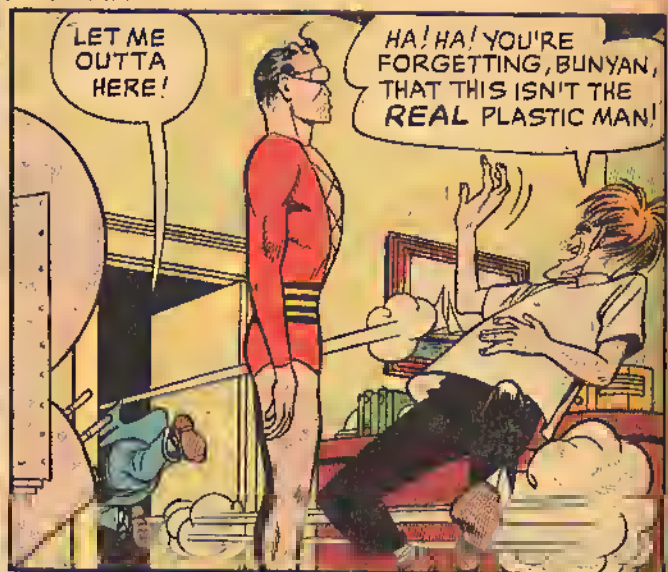
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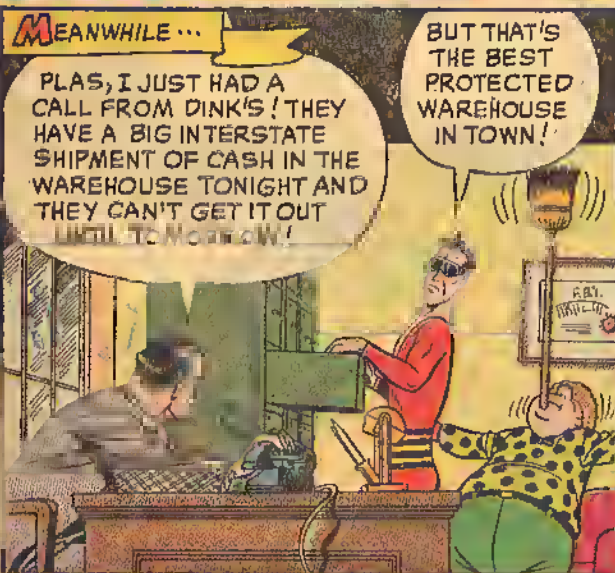
And SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

IT HAD BETTER WORK!

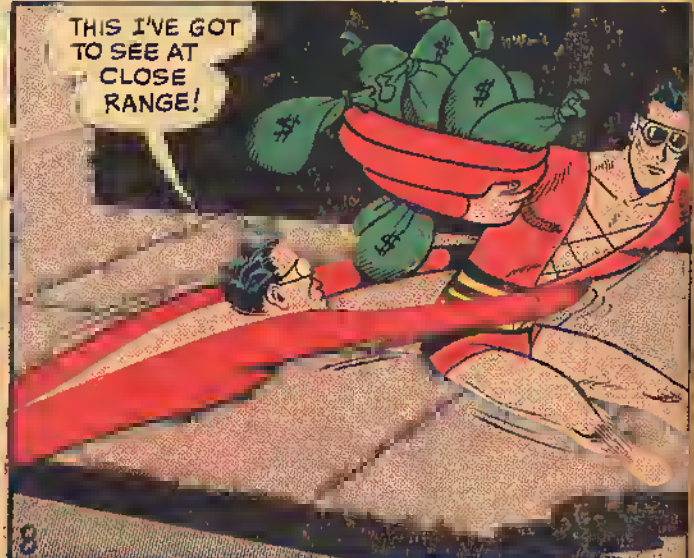
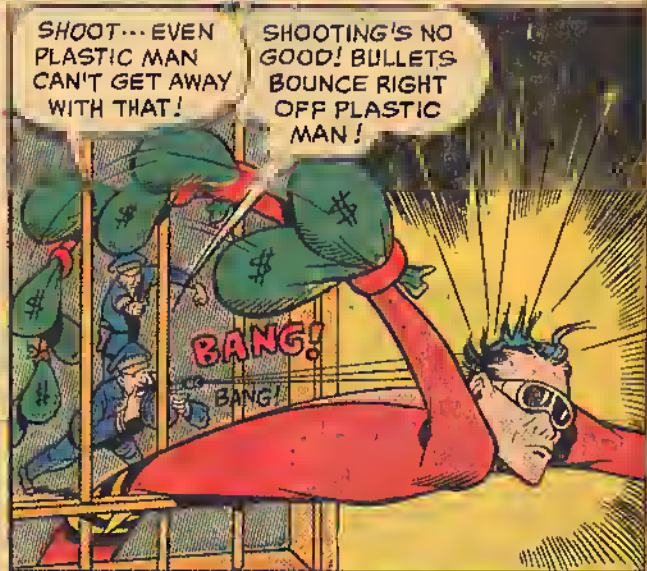
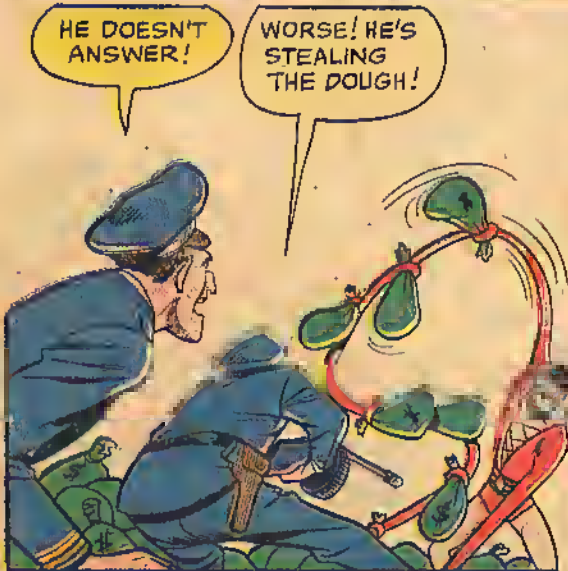
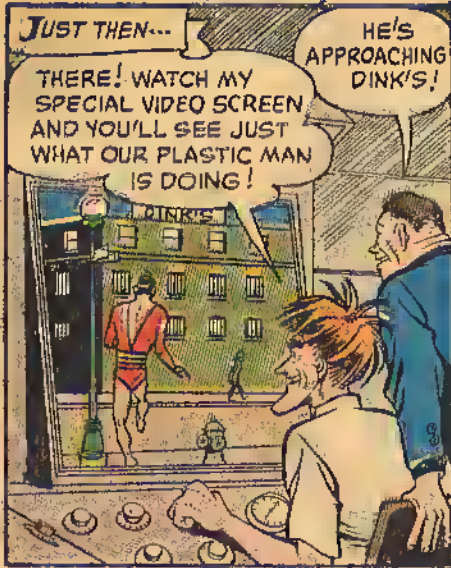
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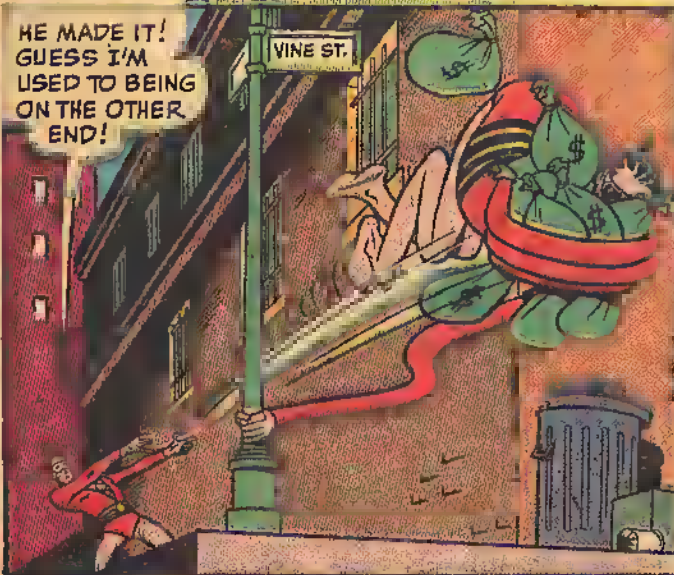
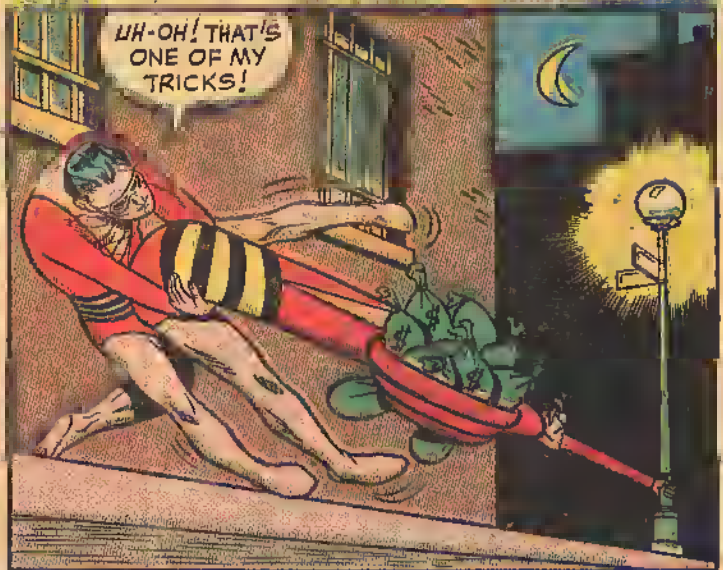
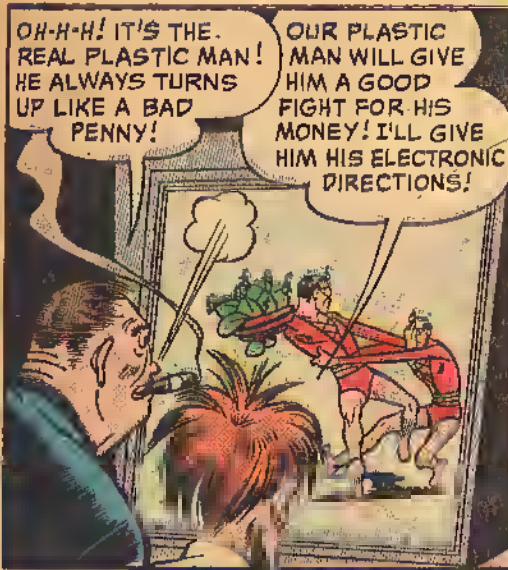
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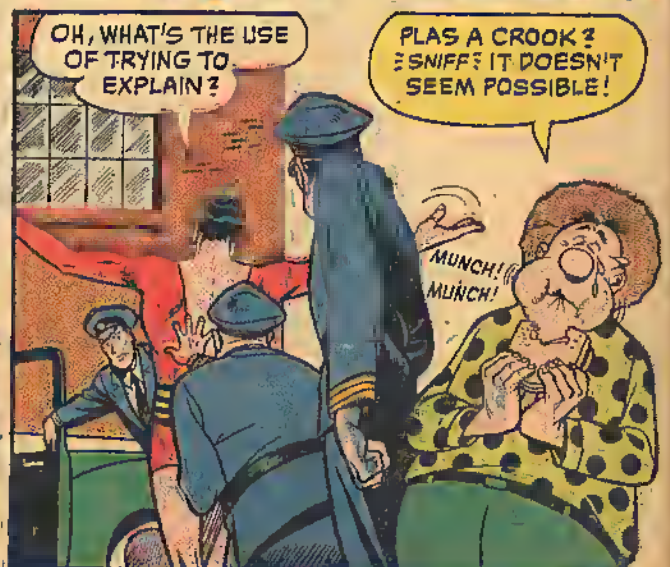
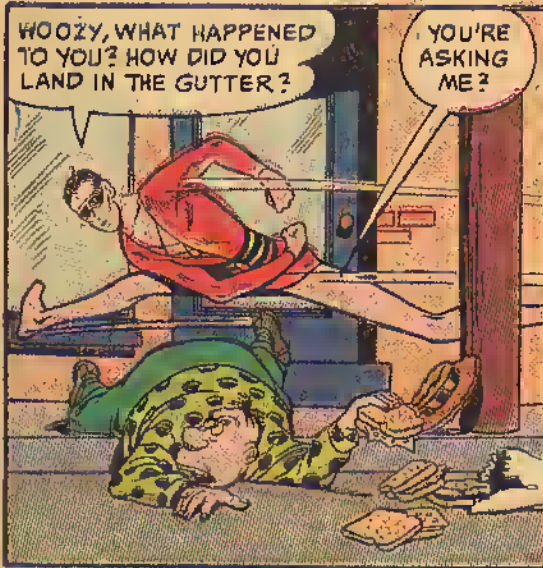
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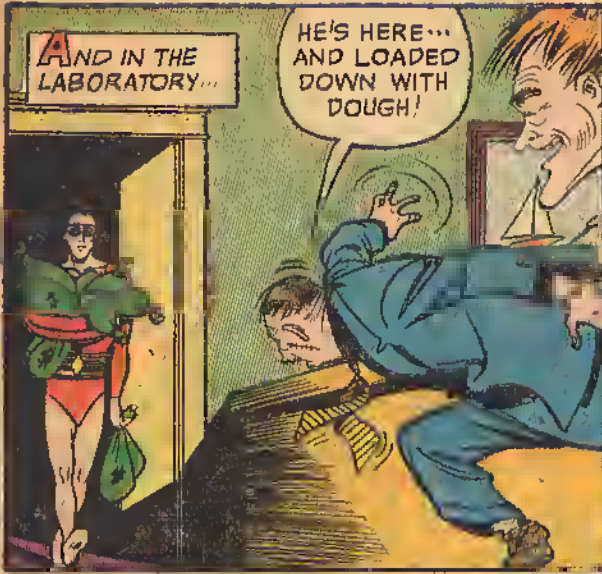
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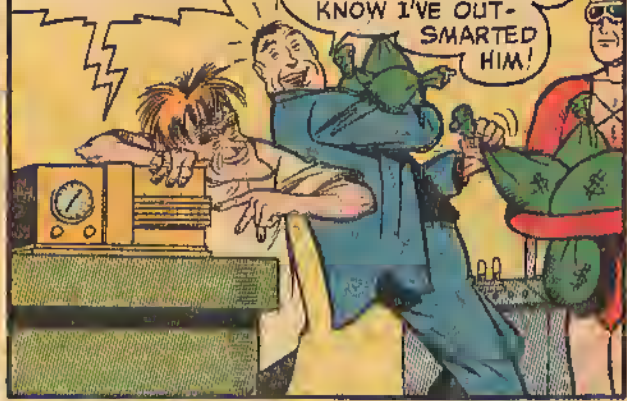


LAND IN THE LABORATORY...

HE'S HERE... AND LOADED DOWN WITH DOUGH!

PLASTIC MAN HAS BEEN APPREHENDED FOR THE ROBBERY OF DINK'S WAREHOUSE AND HAS BEEN PUT IN THE CITY JAIL!

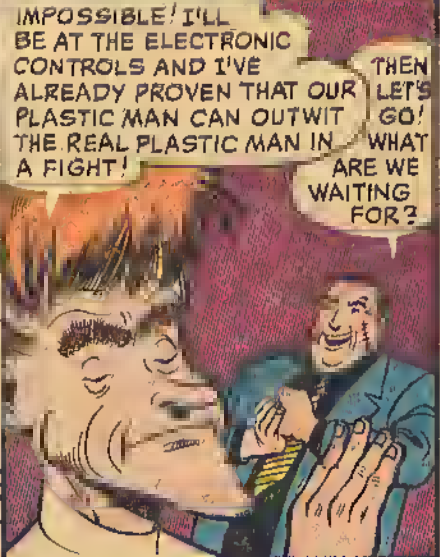
YIPPEE! I'M THE HAPPIEST CROOK IN THE WORLD! OH, I'VE JUST GOT TO CROW OVER PLASTIC MAN... JUST GOT TO LET HIM KNOW I'VE OUT-SMARTED HIM!



IT CAN BE ARRANGED! AFTER ALL WHAT'S VICTORY WITHOUT A LITTLE GLOATING?

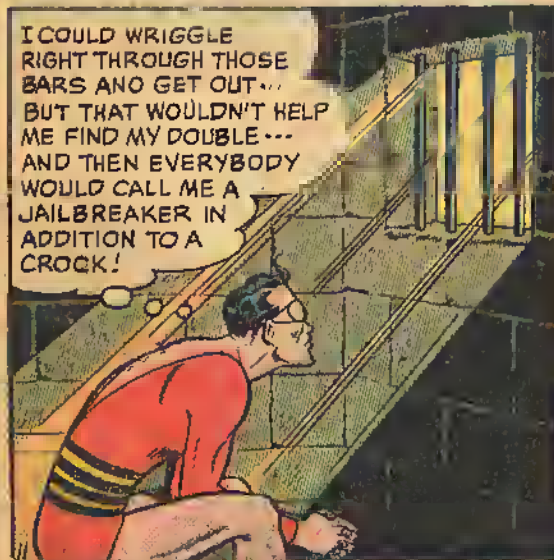
DOC, CAN YOU REALLY FIX IT?

NOTHING TO IT! OUR IMITATION PLASTIC MAN SHOULD BE ABLE TO LIFT YOU UP TO THE REAL PLASTIC MAN'S CELL WINDOW! AS YOU AND I WELL YOU SURE KNOW THE CITY JAIL HAS ALL OUTSIDE CELLS! BUT ARE YOU THE REAL PLASTIC MAN WON'T BE ABLE TO PULL A FAST ONE?



IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL BE AT THE ELECTRONIC CONTROLS AND I'VE ALREADY PROVEN THAT OUR PLASTIC MAN CAN OUTWIT THE REAL PLASTIC MAN IN A FIGHT!

THEN LET'S GO! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



I COULD WRIGGLE RIGHT THROUGH THOSE BARS AND GET OUT... BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP ME FIND MY DOUBLE... AND THEN EVERYBODY WOULD CALL ME A JAILBREAKER IN ADDITION TO A CROOK!

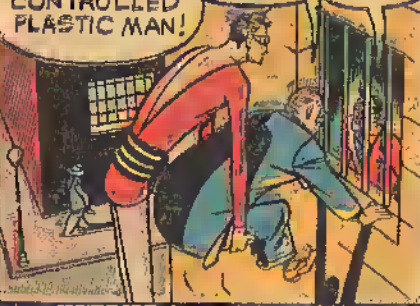


HI, PLAS, OLD BOY! I JUST HAD TO SEE YOU IN JAIL! SAY, I CAN GIVE YOU SOME POINTERS ON HOW TO GET BETTER CHOW AND SPECIAL PRIVILEGES!

BUNYAN O'BANYON... AND MY DOUBLE! WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM, BUNYAN?

PLASTIC MAN

FRIEND OF MINE MADE HIM FOR ME... FELLER NAMED DOC BUMBLE! HE'S A BETTER PLASTIC MAN THAN YOU, PLAS, SO DON'T TRY TO PULL ANYTHING! YOU CAN'T BEAT AN ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED PLASTIC MAN!



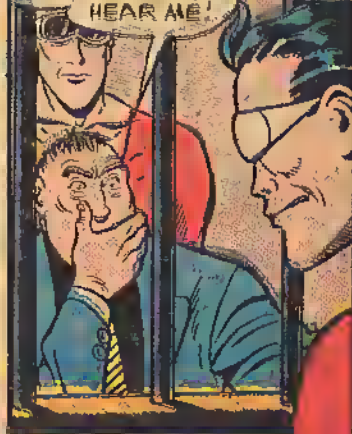
DOC BUMBLE, EH? I'VE HEARD OF HIM! AND I SUPPOSE YOU AND HE ARE GOING TO SHARE THE LOOT FROM DINK'S!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL JUST GIVE DOC ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM HAPPY! AFTER ALL, HOW MUCH DOES A WACKY SCIENTIST NEED TO GET ALONG ON? HE DOESN'T GO IN FOR YACHTS AND PLANES AND FAST CARS AND BLONDES LIKE ME!



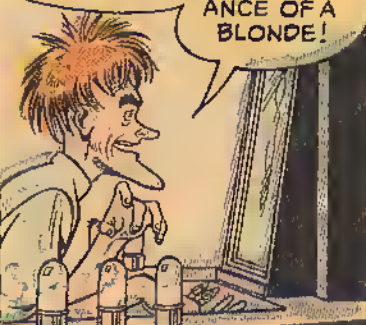
GULP! MAYBE I SHOULD'N'T HAVE SAID THAT! I FORGOT DOC CAN SEE ME AND HEAR ME!

AH! SO!



BACK IN THE LAB...

TSK! TSK! I WONDER WHY THESE THINGS O'BANYON SPEAKS OF NEVER OCCURRED TO ME! HOW SIMPLE TO TAKE THE MONEY AND BUY MYSELF A YACHT AND FAST CARS... AND EVEN MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A BLONDE!

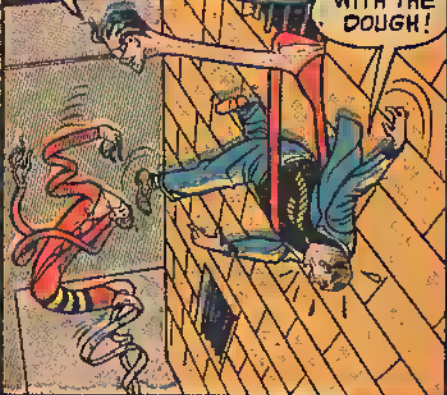


ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SMASH THIS EQUIPMENT AND THE REAL PLASTIC MAN WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!



I'VE GOT YOU, BUNYAN! LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLASTIC MAN COLLAPSED ON YOU! I'LL GET THE GUARDS TO BRING YOU IN AND MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!

YAWP! DOC MUST'VE HEARD ME! I MUST'VE GIVEN HIM AN IDEA! HE'S DOUBLE CROSSING ME, PLAS! THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING! HE'LL POWDER WITH THE DOUGH!



JUST AS DOC IS READY TO DEPART...

WHY, DOC, YOU AREN'T LEAVING, ARE YOU? AND WITH ALL THE MONEY, TOO! WOULDN'T YOU RATHER JOIN BUNYAN IN JAIL AND WORK OUT SOME SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS... LIKE HOW TO GET OUT IN THIRTY YEARS?

PLASTIC MAN! YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO ATTRACTIVE... BUT I'M SURE IT ISN'T!



LATER...

YOU SURE HAD US ALL WORRIED FOR AWHILE, PLAS, WHEN WE THOUGHT YOU'D GONE CROOKED!

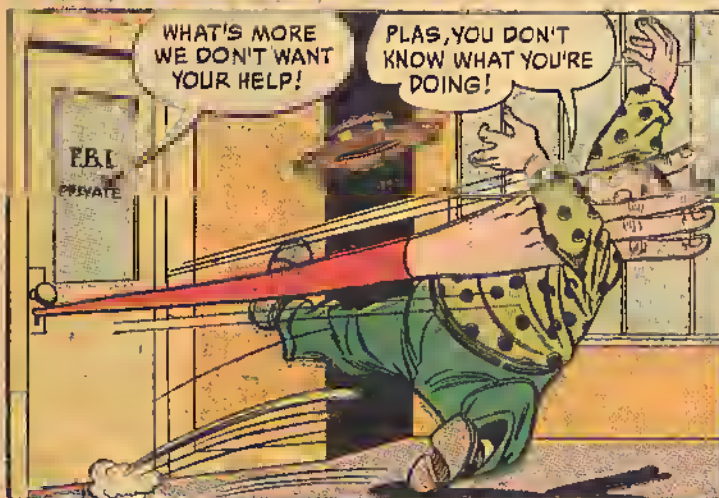
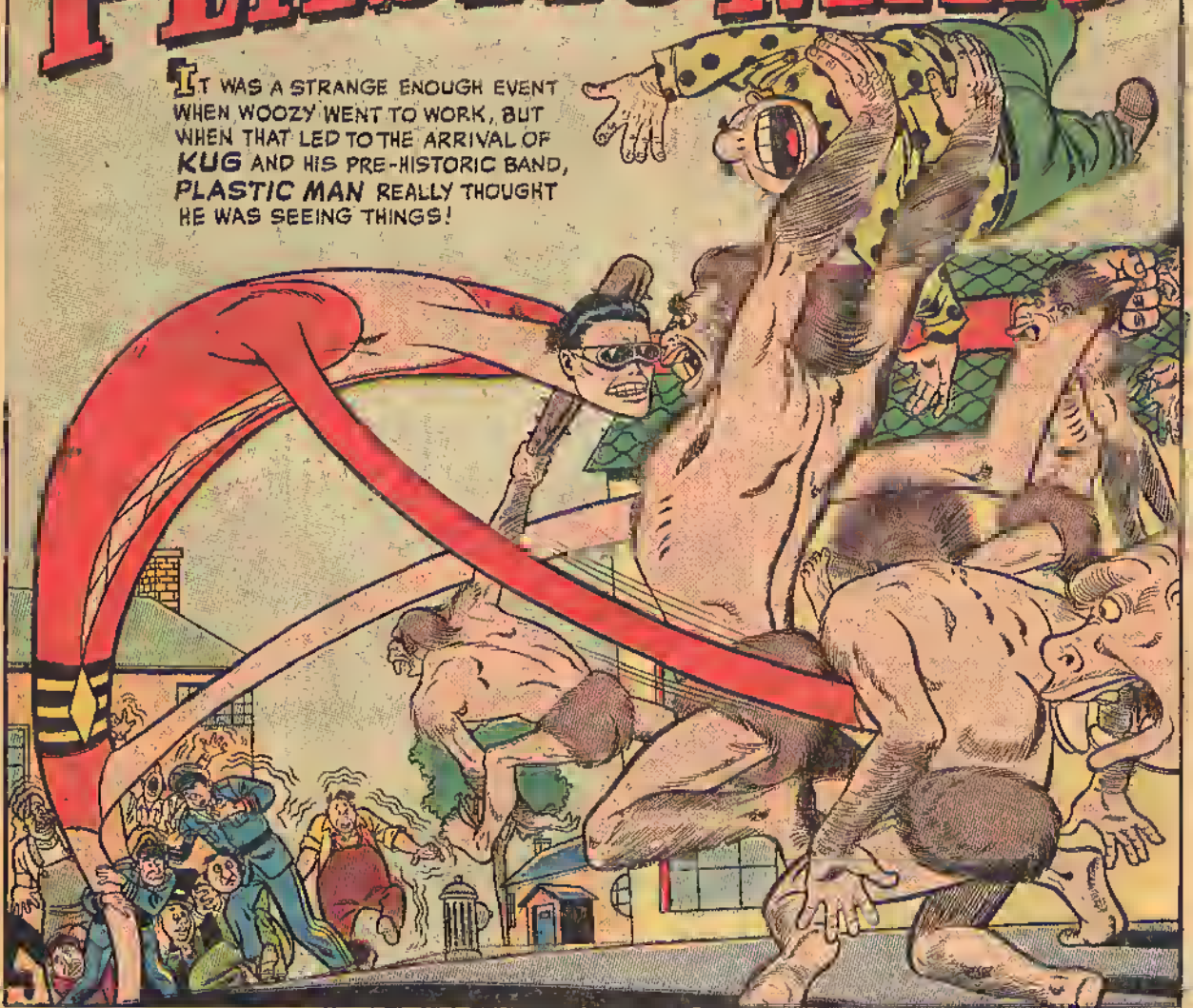
NOT ME! I NEVER DOUBTED PLASTIC MAN FOR A MINUTE!

H'MM!



PLASTIC MAN

IT WAS A STRANGE ENOUGH EVENT WHEN WOZZY WENT TO WORK, BUT WHEN THAT LED TO THE ARRIVAL OF KUG AND HIS PRE-HISTORIC BAND, PLASTIC MAN REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS SEEING THINGS!



WHAT'S MORE WE DON'T WANT YOUR HELP!

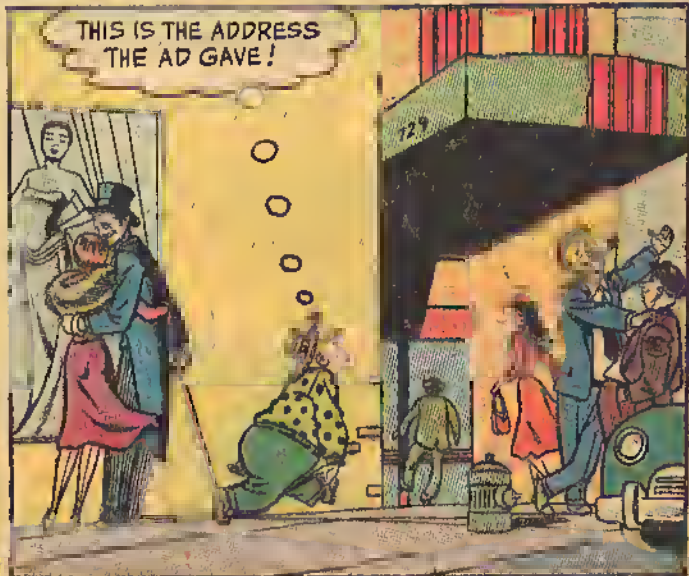
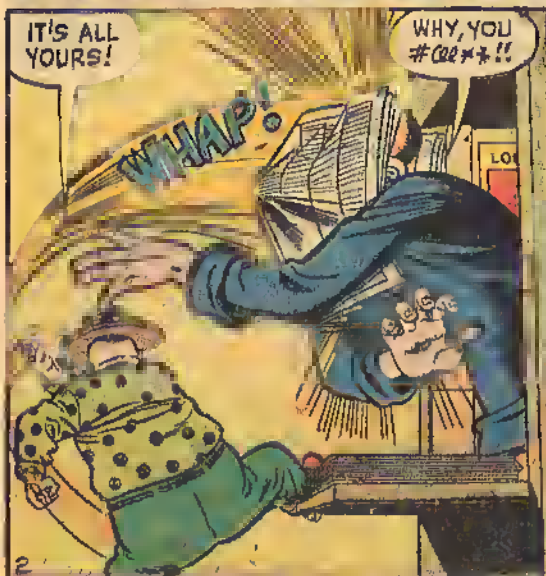
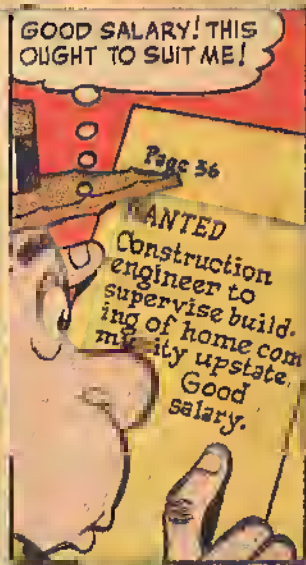
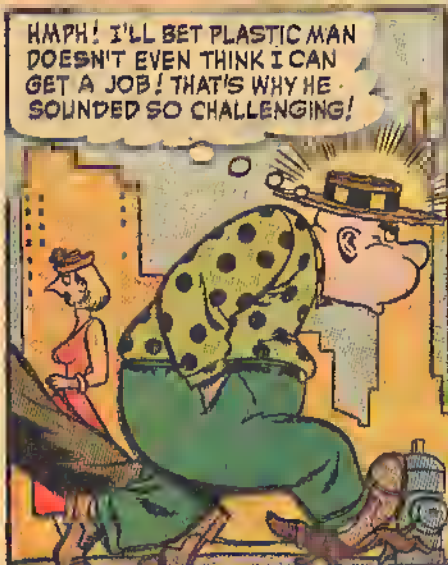
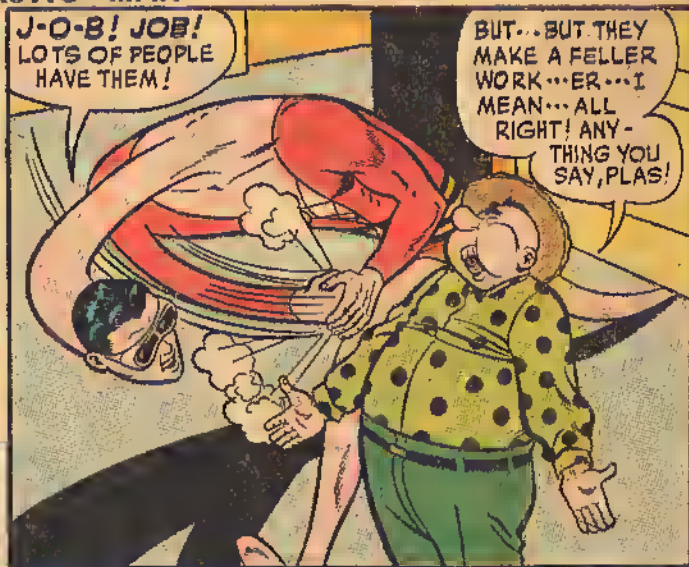
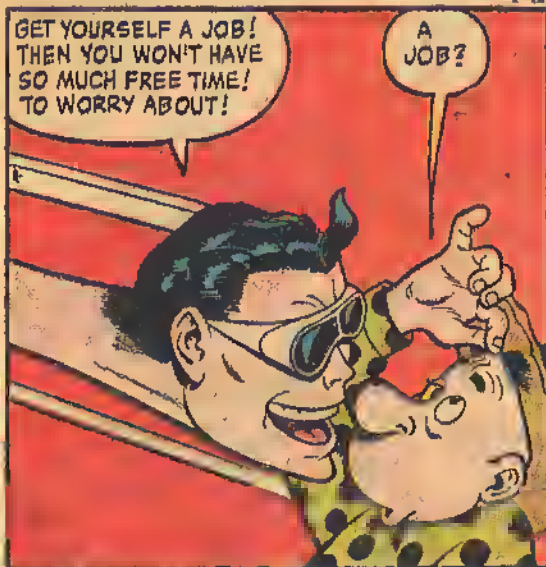
PLAS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH! YOUR MEDDLING IN F.B.I. BUSINESS ALWAYS LEADS TO TROUBLE!

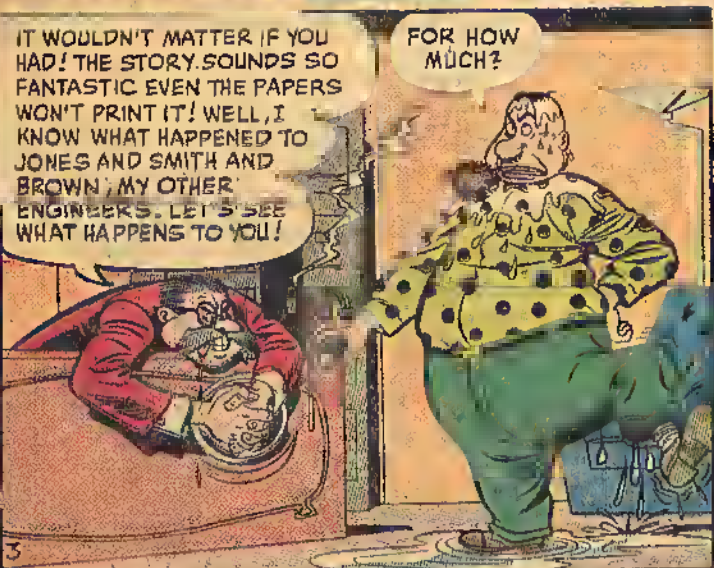
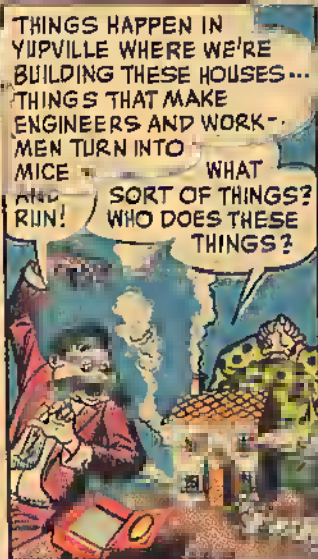
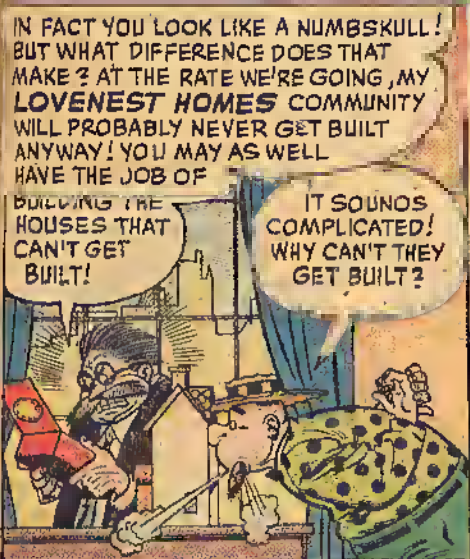
WHAT ELSE AM I GOING TO DO WITH MY TIME?



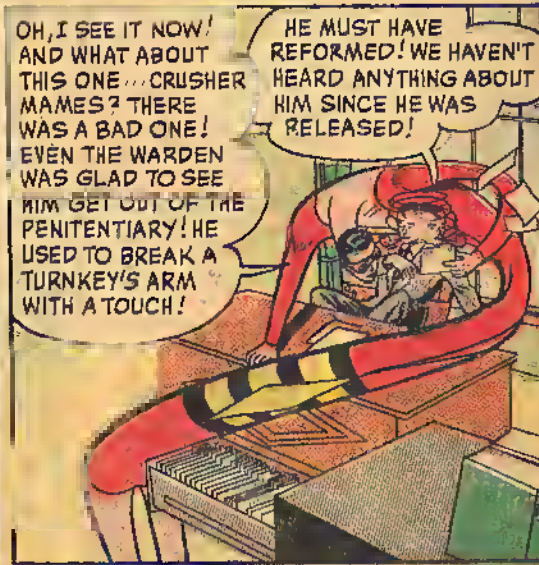
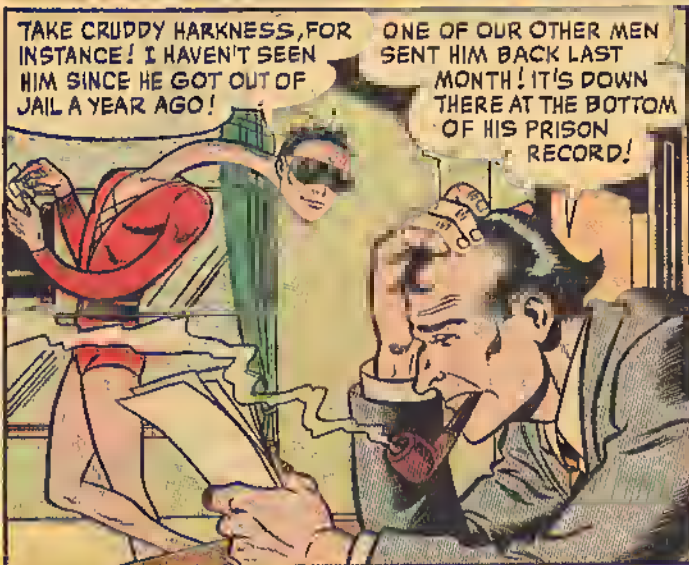
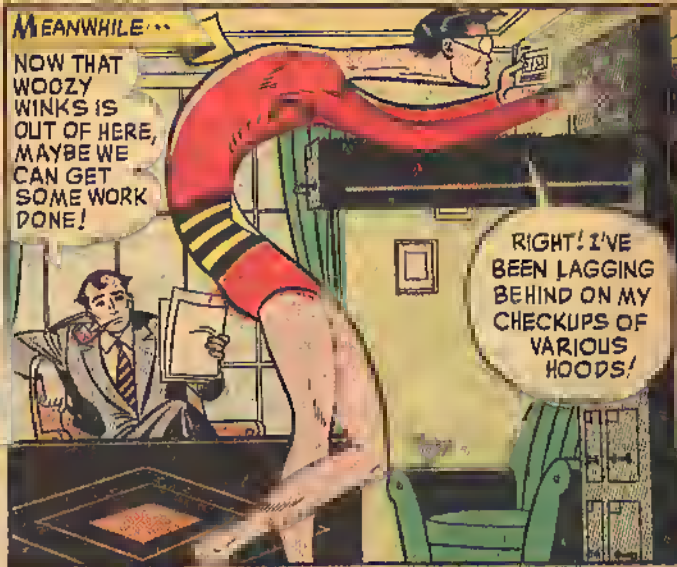
PLASTIC MAN



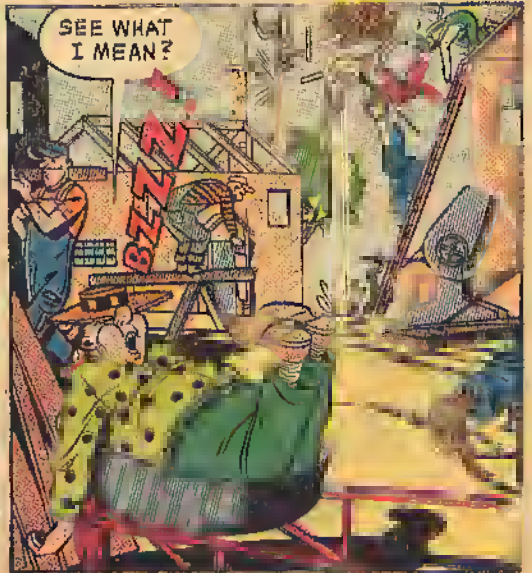
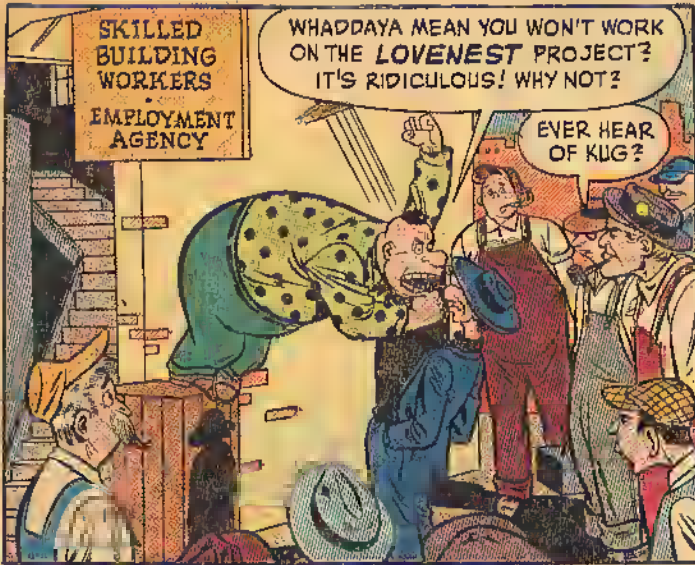
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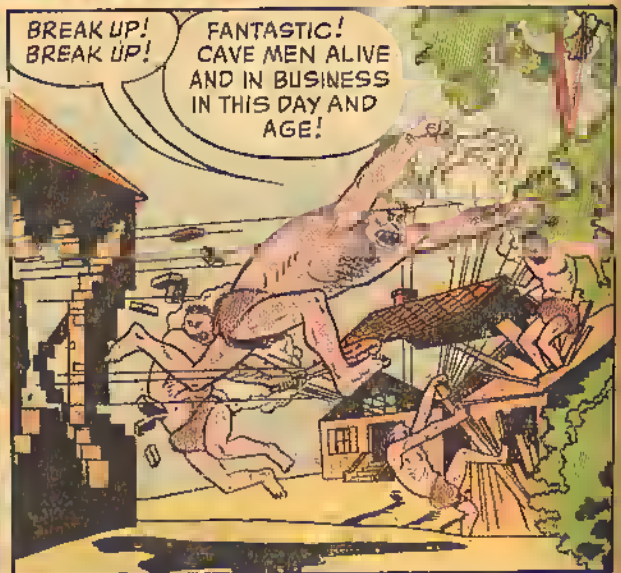
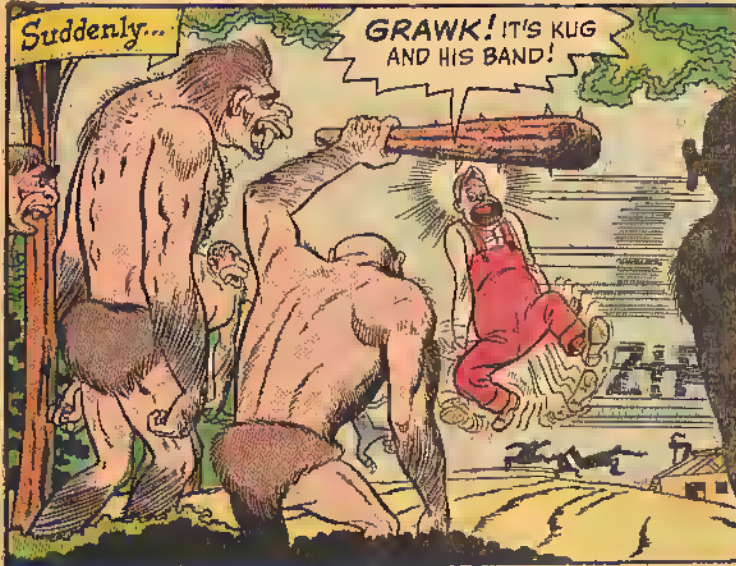
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
I'LL CALL PLASTIC MAN! HE'LL
SHOW THEM WE MODERN MEN
HAVE A TRICK OR TWO UP
OUR SLEEVES!



BACK HOME...

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW... ONE
DAY ON A JOB AND WOOLY HAS
THE MOST FANTASTIC STORY TO
TELL AND NEEDS
HELP!

BETTER
GET UP
THERE!
WILD
CAVE MEN
ON THE WARPATH
MUST BE PRETTY
TERRIFYING!



BUT WHO EVER HEARD OF
CAVE MEN STILL LIVING IN
THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY...
OR FOR THAT MATTER ANY-
WHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD?
OH, WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL
JUST HAVE TO LOOK FOR
THEM!



PLAS, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!
WAIT! I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT KUG AND HIS
BAND DID TO
**LOVENEST
HOMES!**

SHOW
ME...



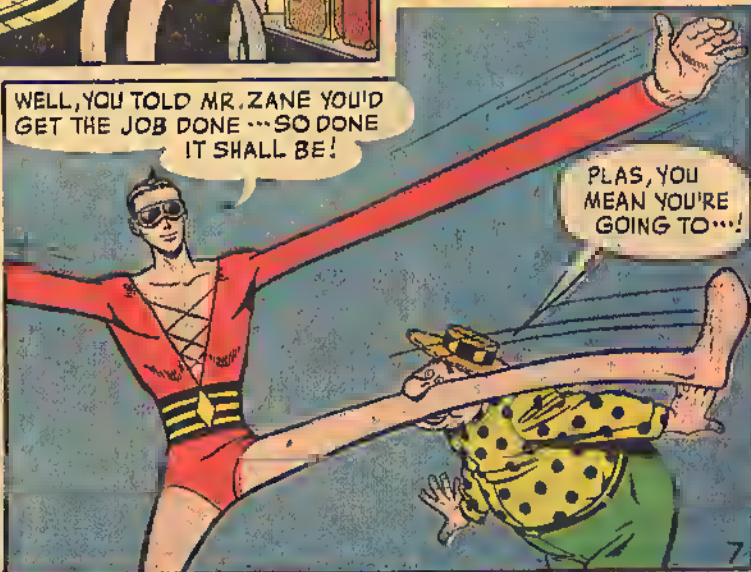
IT LOOKS AS IF AN EARTHQUAKE
HIT HERE!

THAT'S WHAT
I WAS TRYING
TO TELL YOU!



AND HARD AS YOU'VE
TRIED, YOU CAN'T GET
ANY WORKMEN TO
HAVE ANOTHER TRY
AT IT!

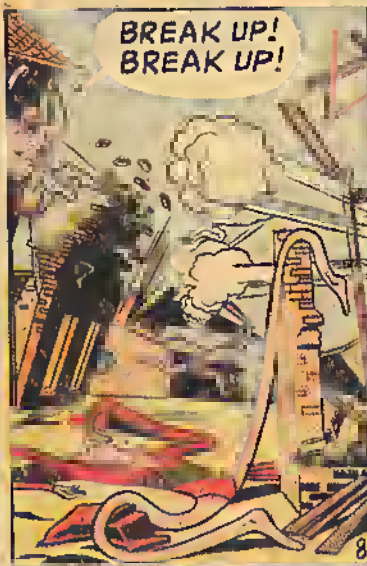
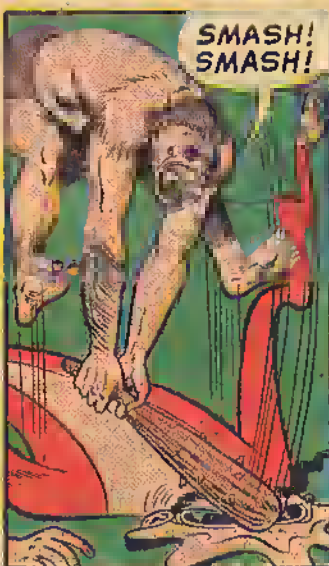
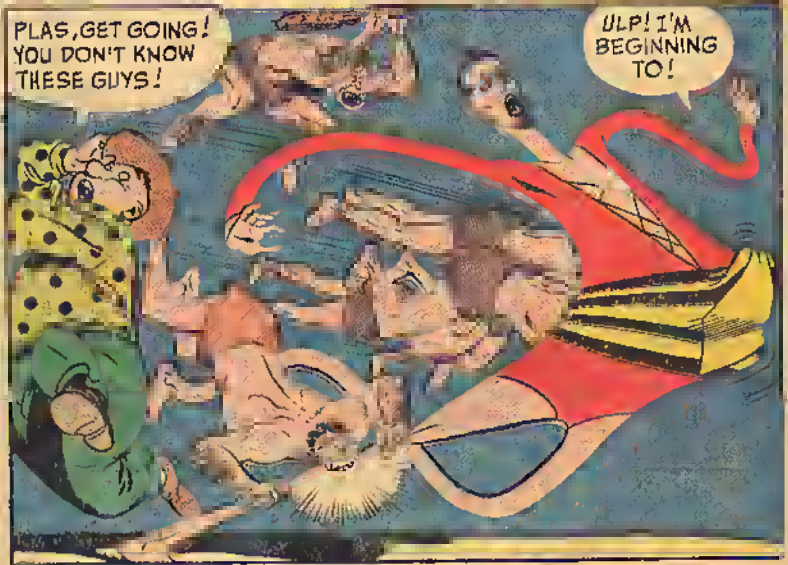
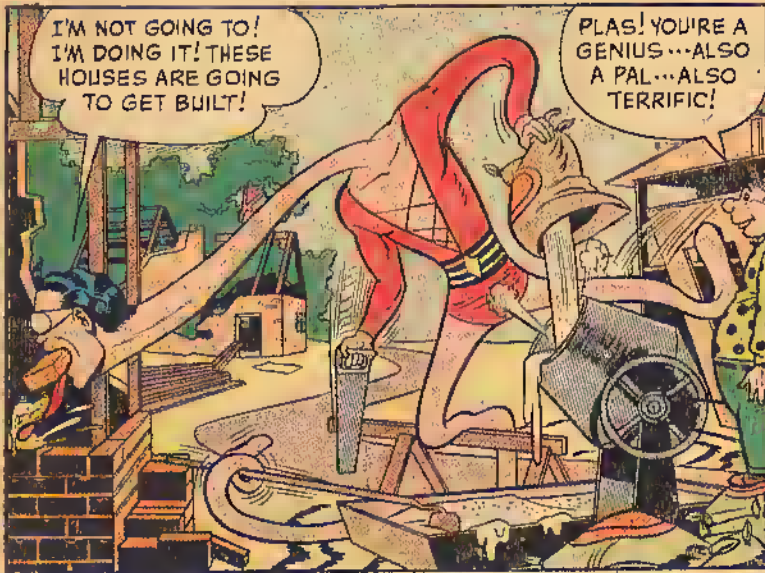
THEY WON'T
HEAR OF IT!
NOT FOR ANY
KIND OF
MONEY!



WELL, YOU TOLD MR. ZANE YOU'D
GET THE JOB DONE... SO DONE
IT SHALL BE!

PLAS, YOU
MEAN YOU'RE
GOING TO...!

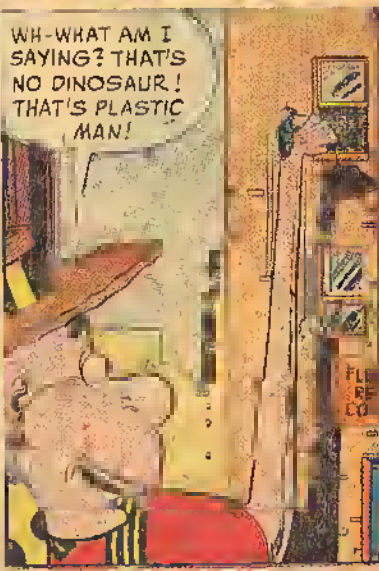
PLASTIC MAN



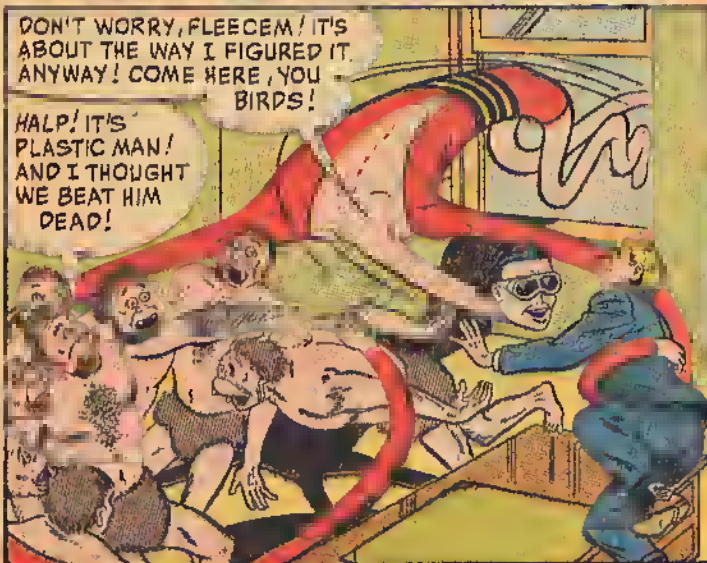
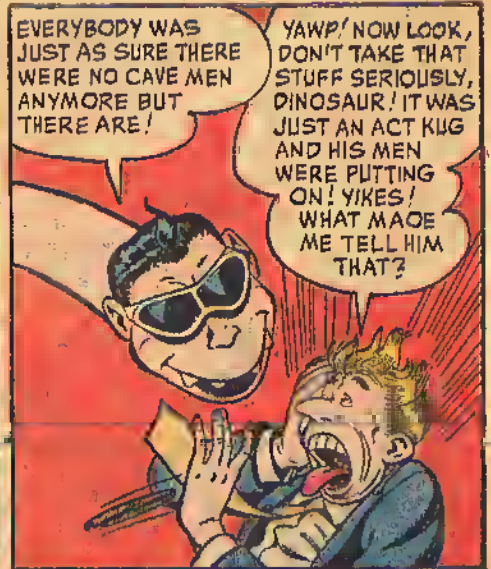
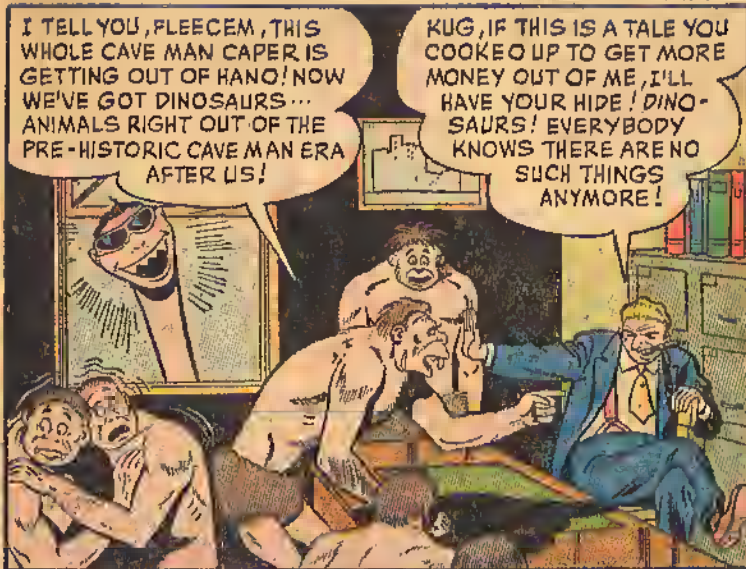
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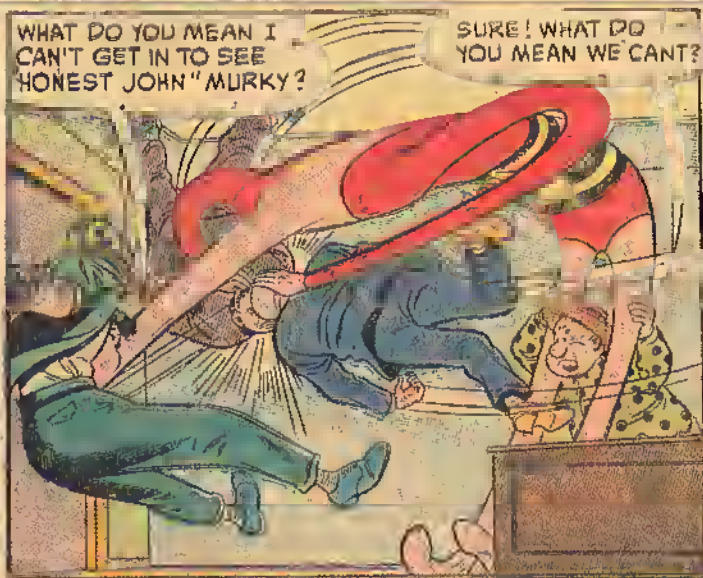


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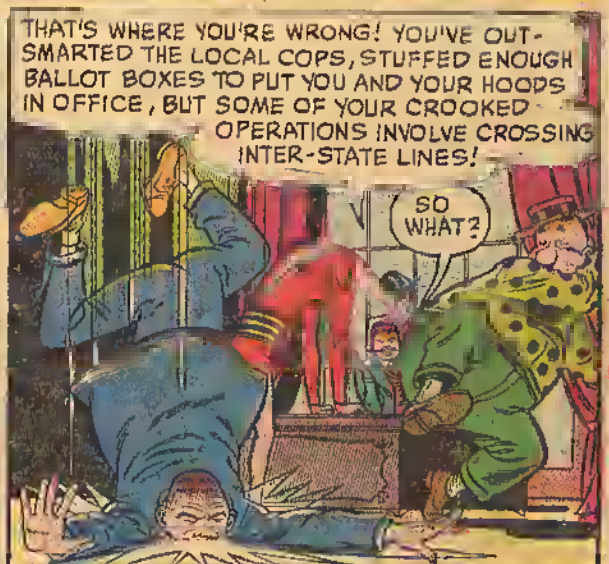
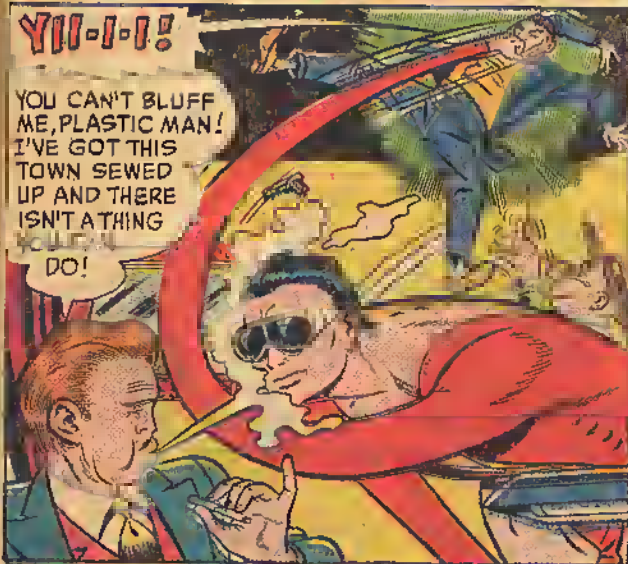
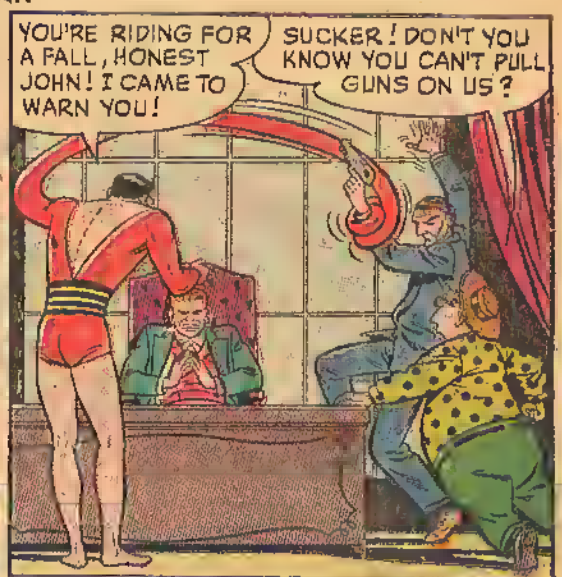
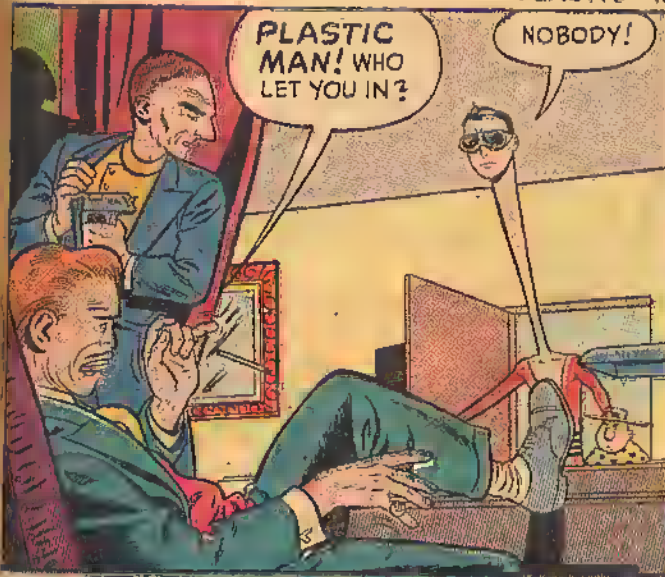


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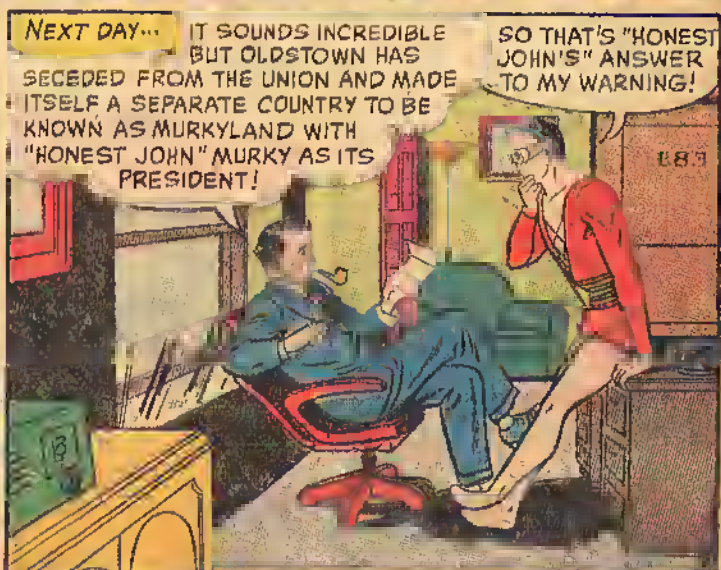
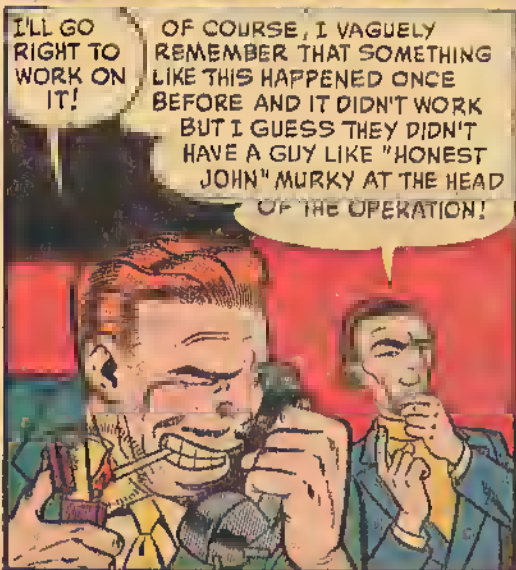
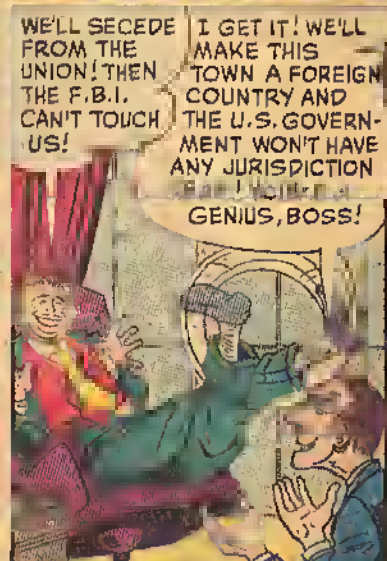
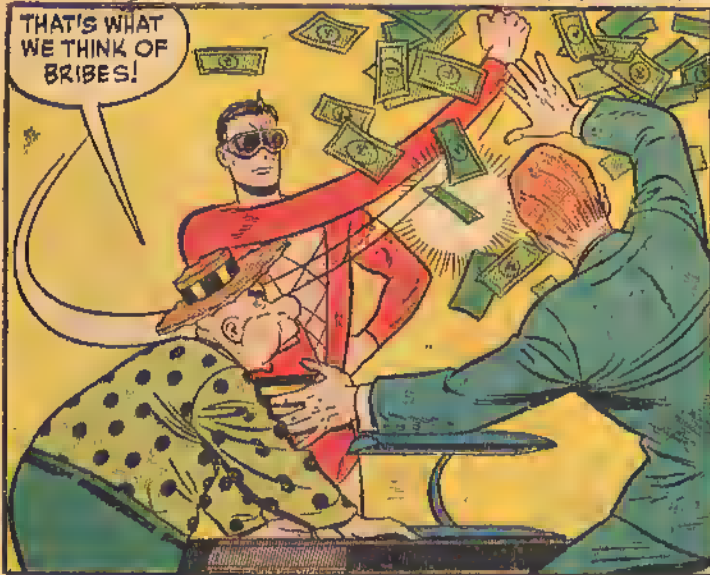




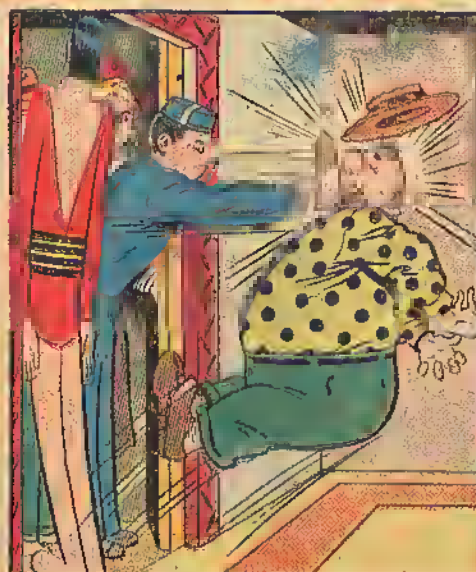
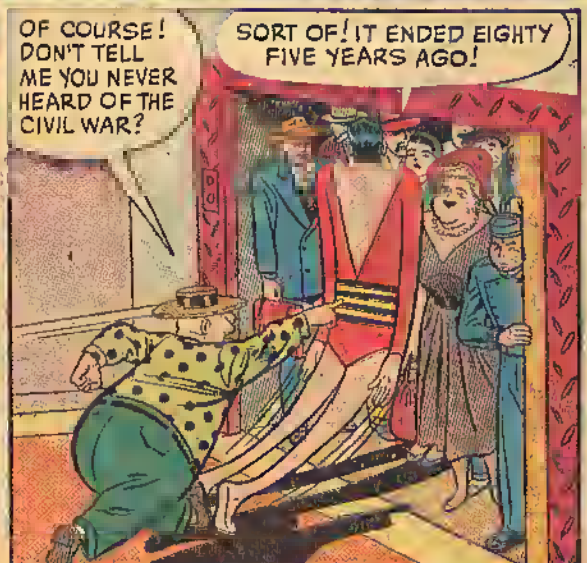
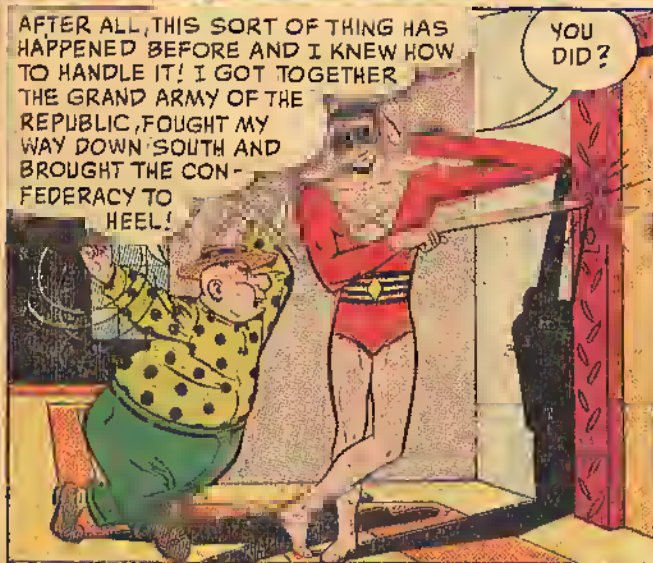
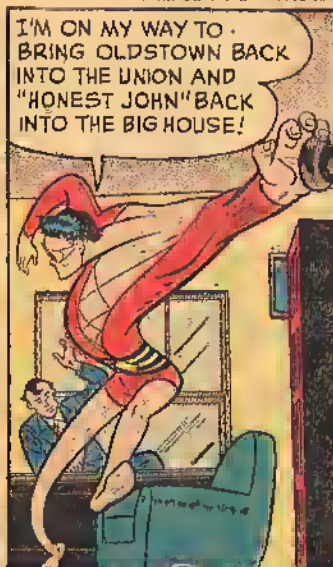
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PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

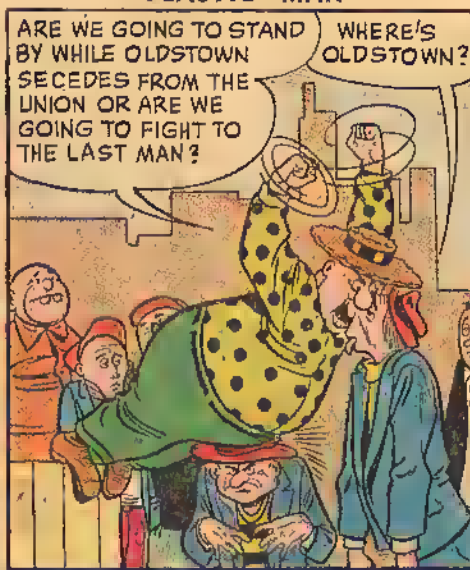


PLASTIC MAN



ARE WE MEN
OR ARE WE
MICE?

MICE! I
MEAN MEN!



ARE WE GOING TO STAND
BY WHILE OLDSTOWN
SECEDES FROM THE
UNION OR ARE WE
GOING TO FIGHT TO
THE LAST MAN?

WHERE'S
OLDSTOWN?



FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE,
YOU LOYAL PATRIOTS!
WE'LL SHOW THEM!

ANYWAY,
IT'S SOME-
THING TO
DO!



MEANWHILE...

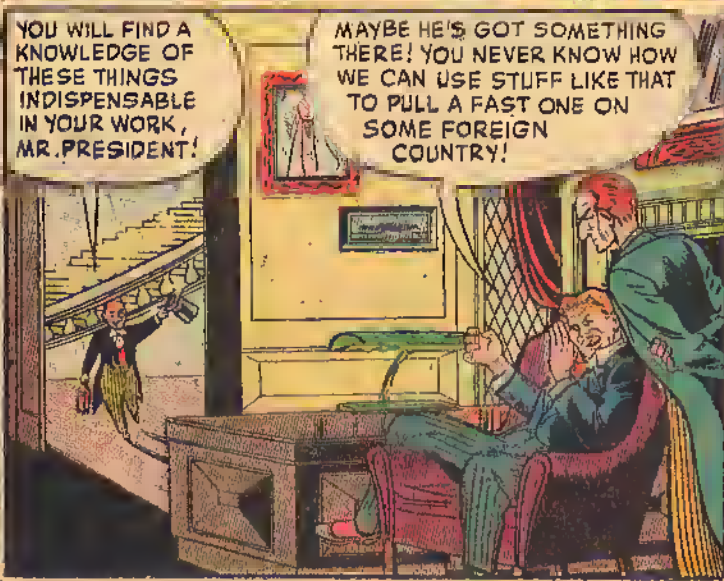
WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
GOING, BUD?

THE PRESIDENT WILL SEE
ME! I CAN TEACH HIM
PROTOCOL, DIPLOMACY,
INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS!



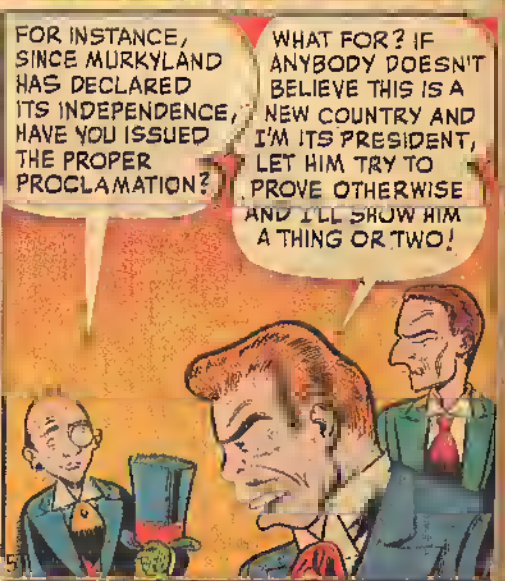
THIS GUY SAYS HE'S
GONNA TEACH YOU
PROTO-SOMETHING
AND DIPLO-SOMETHING,
BOSS...ER...I MEAN
MR. PRESIDENT!

SEND HIM IN!
MAYBE I CAN
USE SOME OF
THAT STUFF!



YOU WILL FIND A
KNOWLEDGE OF
THESE THINGS
INDISPENSABLE
IN YOUR WORK,
MR. PRESIDENT!

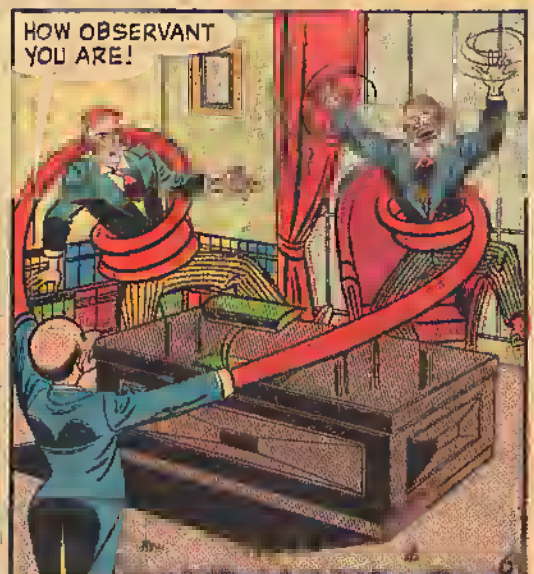
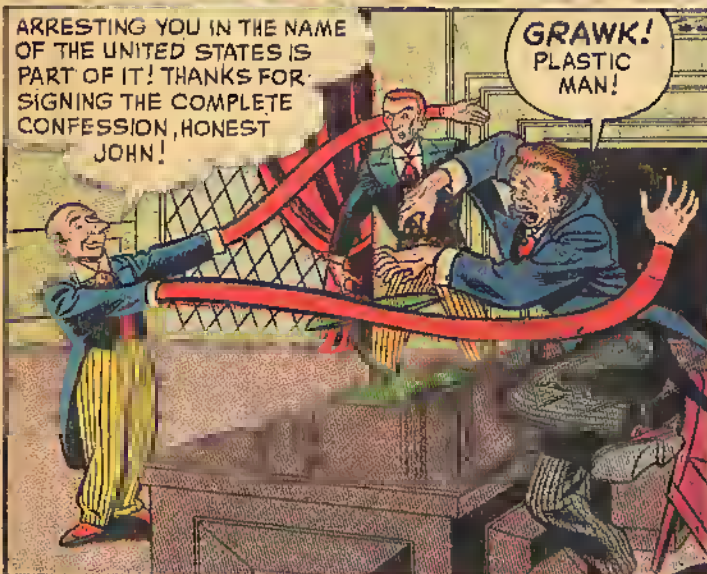
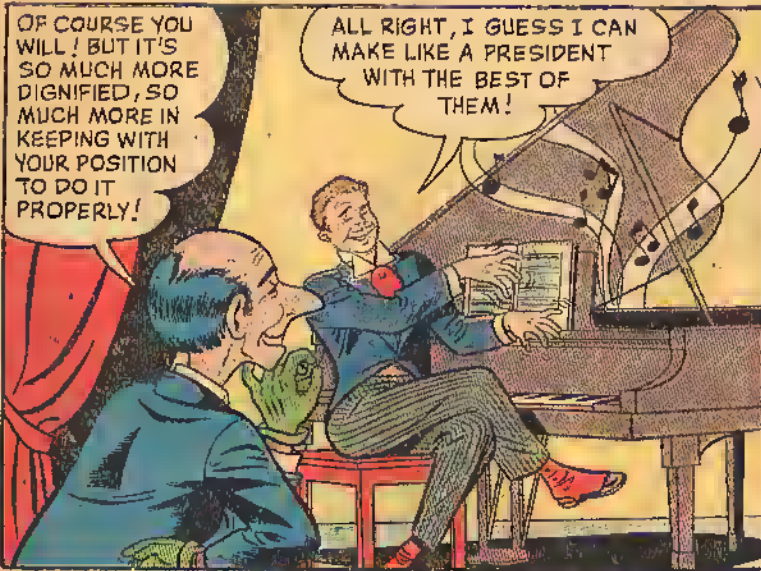
MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING
THERE! YOU NEVER KNOW HOW
WE CAN USE STUFF LIKE THAT
TO PULL A FAST ONE ON
SOME FOREIGN
COUNTRY!



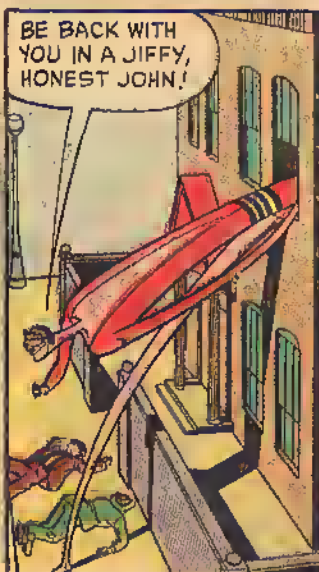
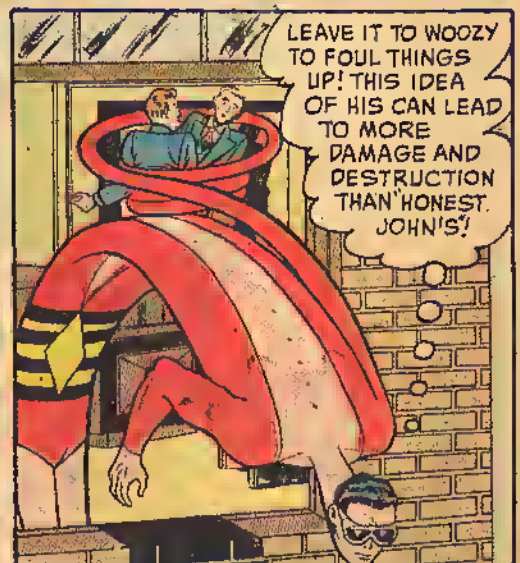
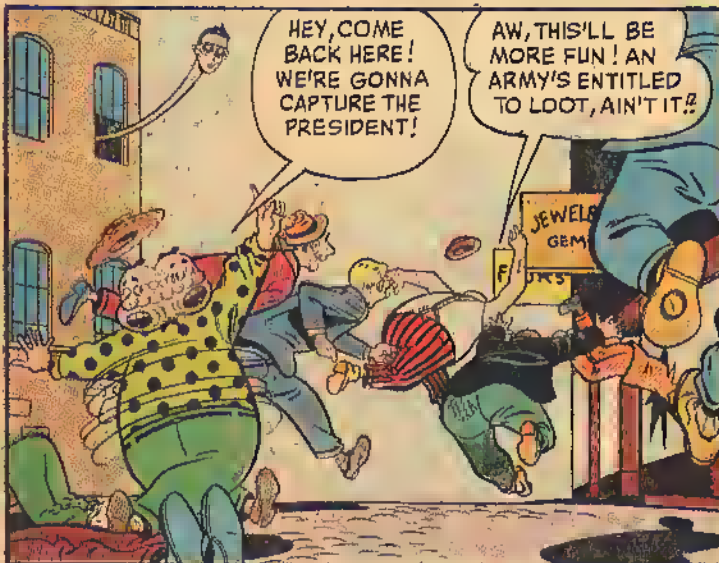
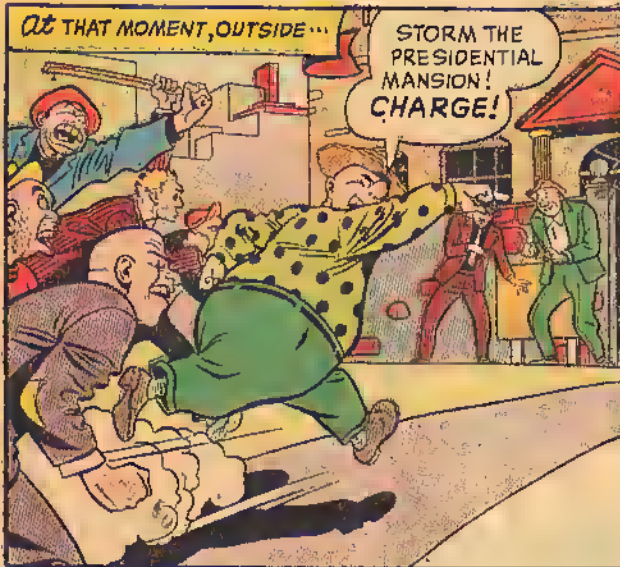
FOR INSTANCE,
SINCE MURKYLAND
HAS DECLARED
ITS INDEPENDENCE,
HAVE YOU ISSUED
THE PROPER
PROCLAMATION?

WHAT FOR? IF
ANYBODY DOESN'T
BELIEVE THIS IS A
NEW COUNTRY AND
I'M ITS PRESIDENT,
LET HIM TRY TO
PROVE OTHERWISE
AND I'LL SHOW HIM
A THING OR TWO!

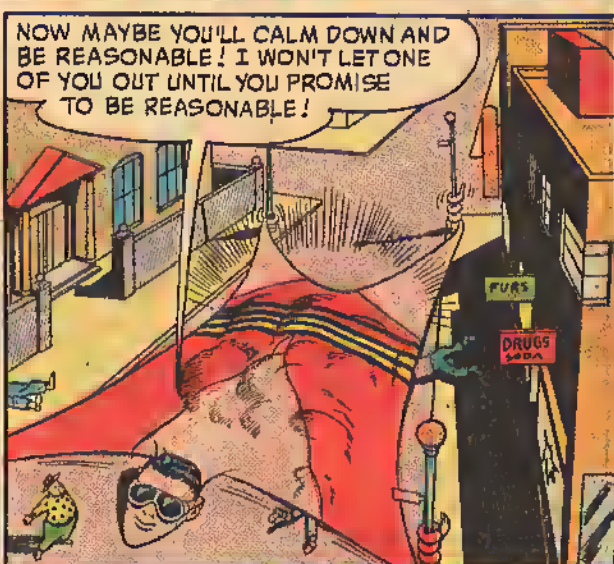
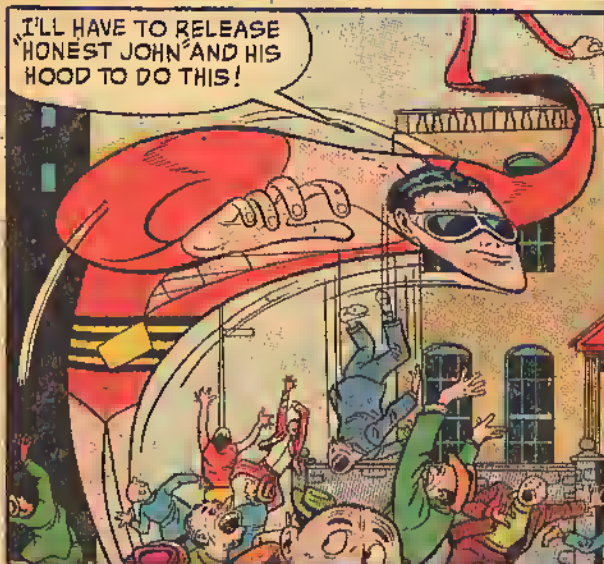
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



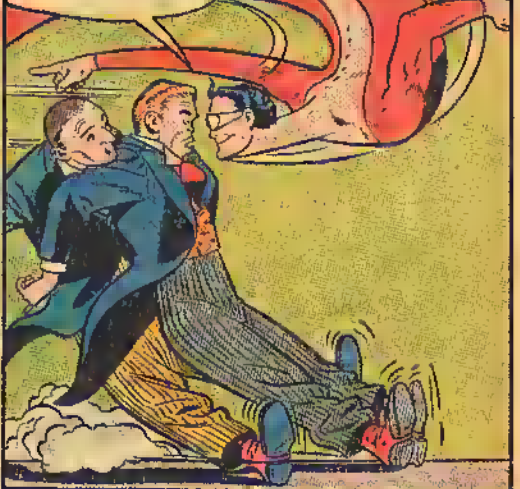
PLASTIC MAN

AFTER HIM, MEN!
REMEMBER, YOU'RE
SOLDIERS FIRST,
LAST AND FORE-
MOST!

LET'S GET HIM! IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM,
WE WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT OUR HOMES
TO SUFFER IN THIS TERRIBLE
WAR!



LOOK BEHIND YOU, 'HONEST JOHN', AND
SEE WHETHER YOU'D RATHER NOT
COME WITH ME!

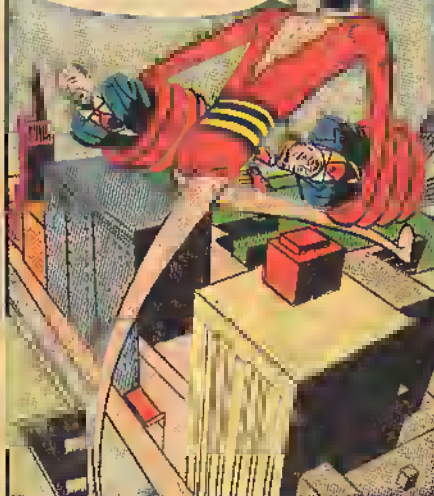


TRAITOR!
REBEL!
RAT!

YAWP! SAVE US,
PLASTIC MAN! WE
DON'T WANT TO
TANGLE WITH AN
ARMY!



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE,
'HONEST JOHN'!



CHIEF, MAY
I PRESENT THE
EX-PRESIDENT
OF MURKYLAND
AND HIS
PROCLA-
MATION!

AND YOU
WERE
GONNA
TEACH ME
ALL ABOUT
INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS! YOU
CALL THIS
DIPLOMACY? I
SAY IT'S UNFAIR!



BUT, 'HONEST
JOHN', ALL'S
FAIR IN WAR...
AND YOU
ASKED FOR
IT WHEN YOU
SECEDED!

SPEAKING OF WAR, HOW
DID YOU LIKE THE WAY I
WON THIS ONE, PLAS?
I SHALL ASK THE WAR
DEPARTMENT TO MAKE
ME A FULL GENERAL!
IT'S OBVIOUS THAT I
AM THE HEAD OF THE
ARMED FORCES!



SEE WHAT THIS
COUNTRY'S COMING
TO! WITH A GUY
LIKE THAT AT THE
HEAD OF THE ARMED
FORCES WHO WON'T
WANT TO SECEDE?

MAYBE HE'LL
SETTLE FOR
A HUMBLER
POST!



SOMETHING TELLS ME
PLASTIC MAN STILL
ISN'T TAKING ME
SERIOUSLY. AND AFTER
ALL THE THINGS I'VE
ACCOMPLISHED!



PLASTIC MAN

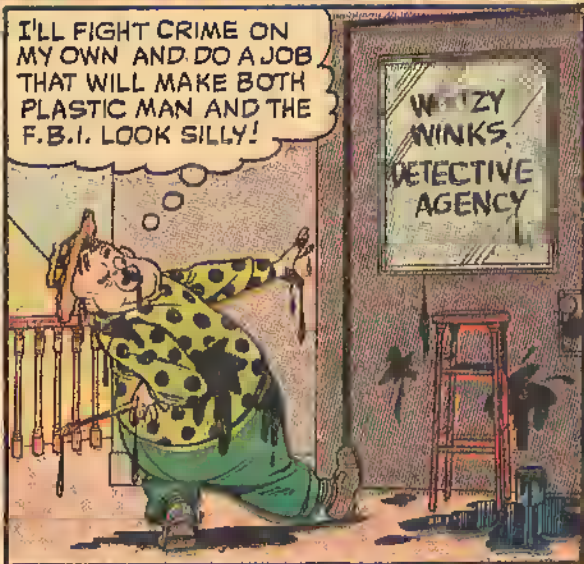
WOOLLY



SO PLASTIC MAN WON'T LET ME BE HIS ASSISTANT! SO THE F.B.I. WON'T HAVE ME AS AN AGENT! I'LL SHOW THEM BOTH!

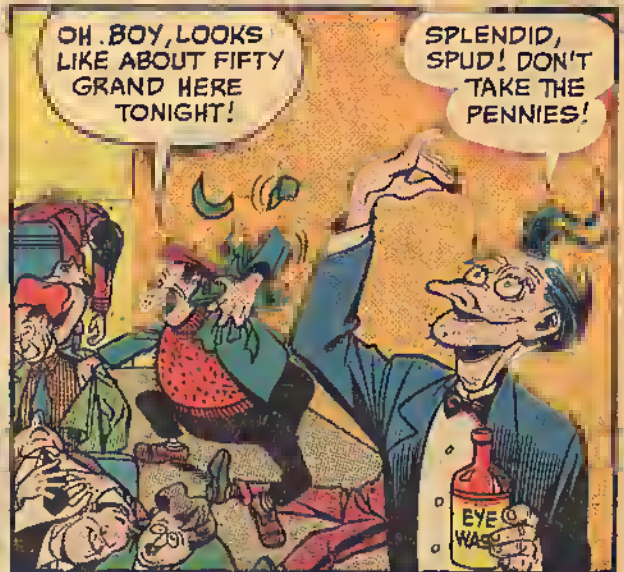
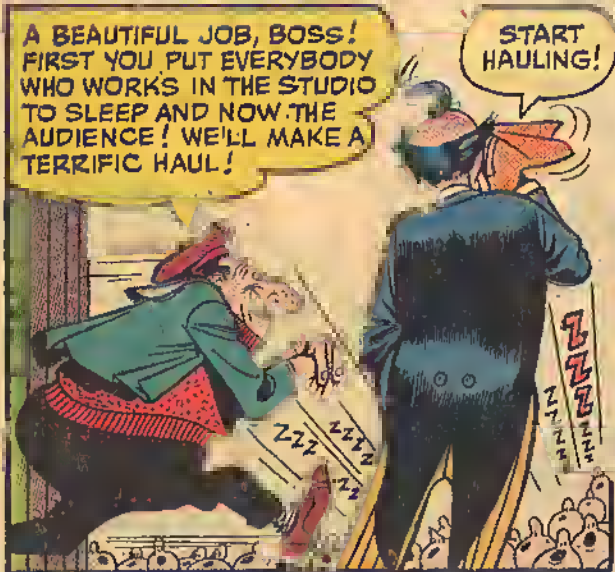
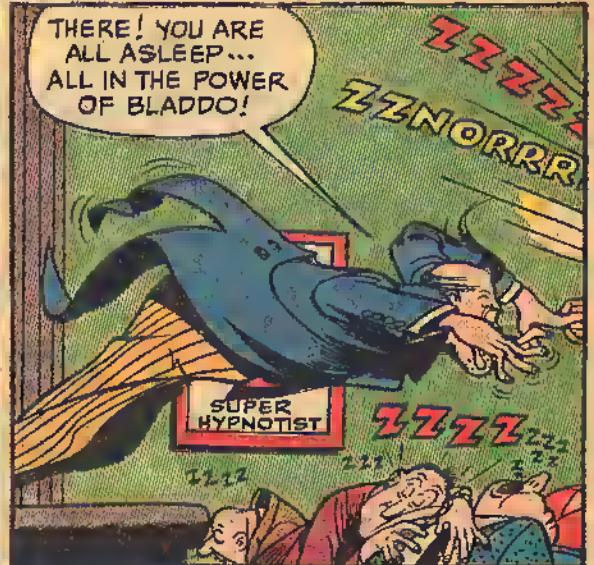
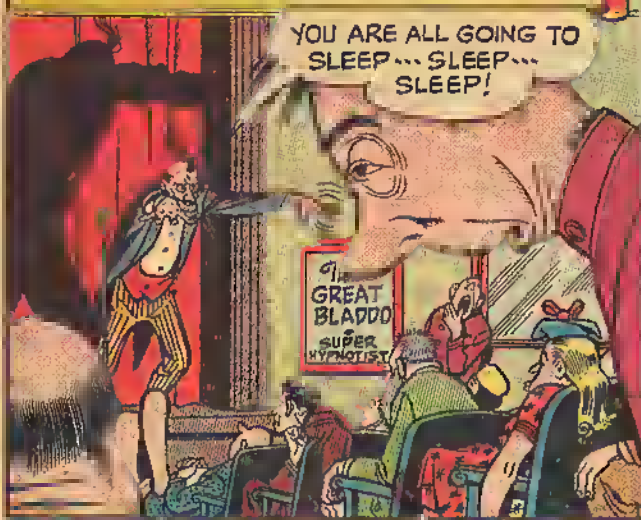


I'LL FIGHT CRIME ON MY OWN AND DO A JOB THAT WILL MAKE BOTH PLASTIC MAN AND THE F.B.I. LOOK SILLY!



PLASTIC MAN

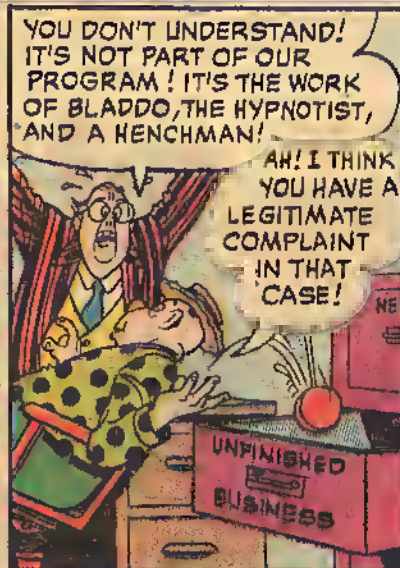
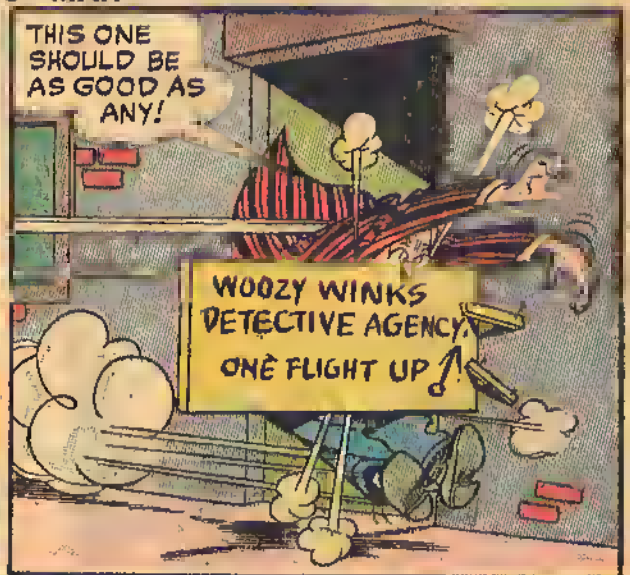
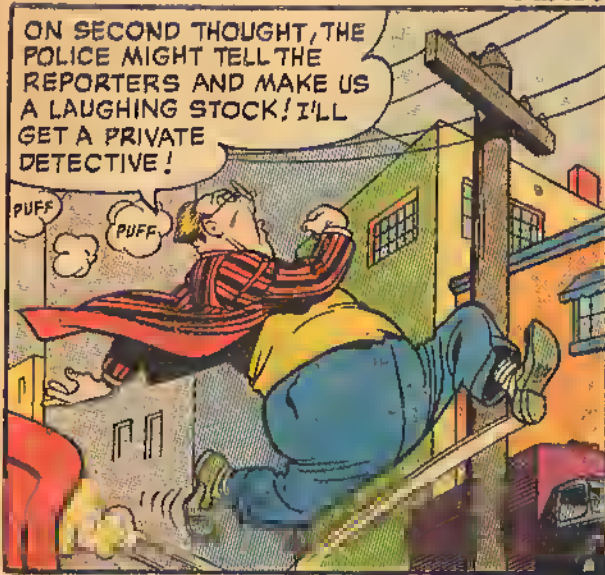
MEANWHILE, IN A BROADCASTING STUDIO...



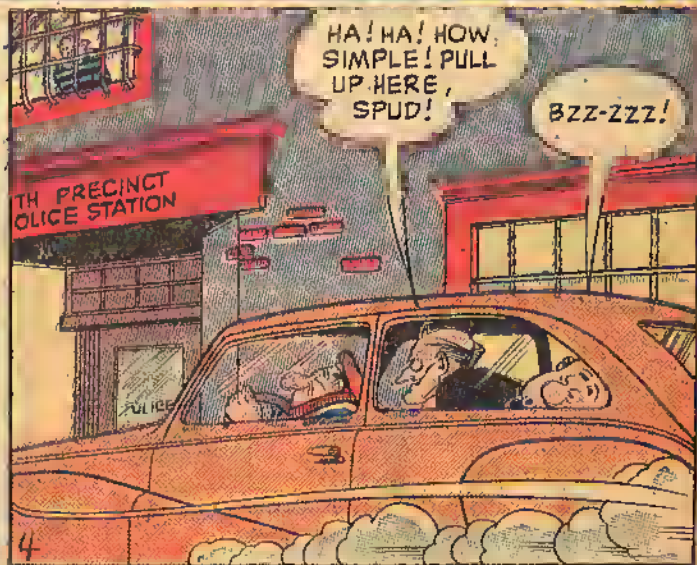
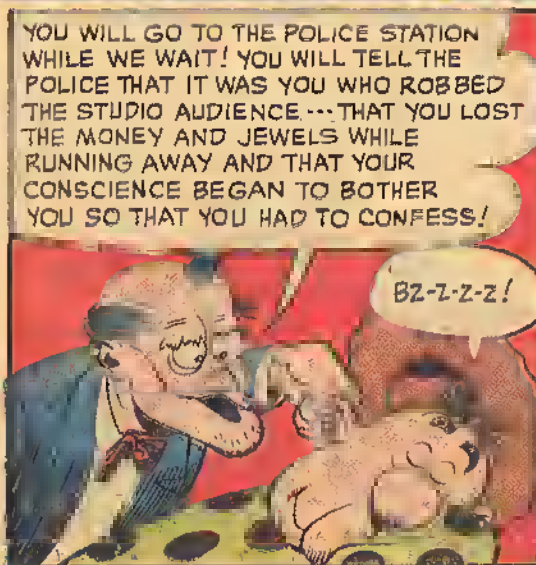
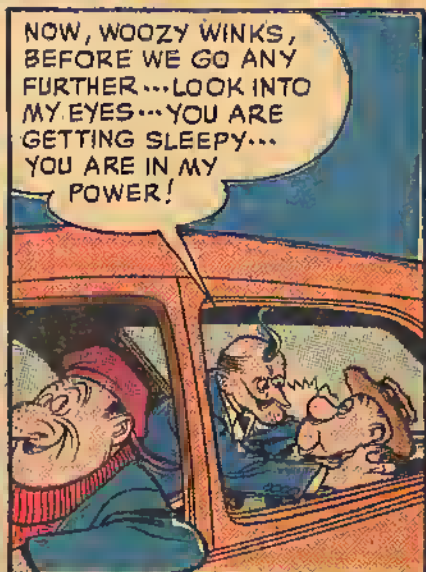
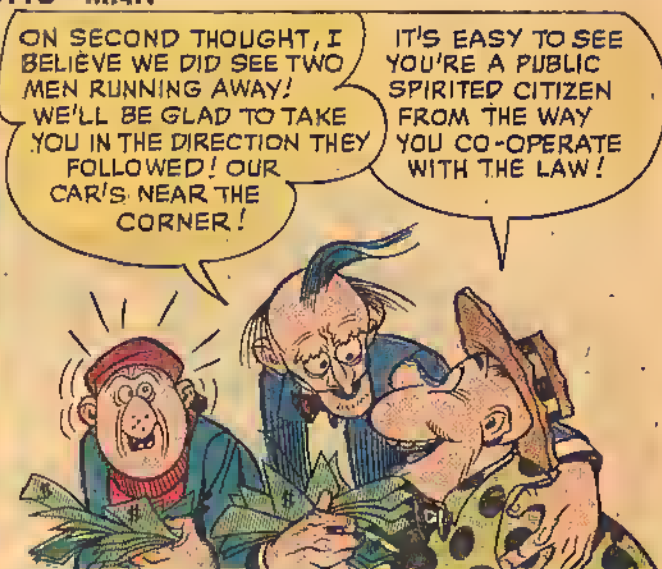
AT THAT MOMENT...



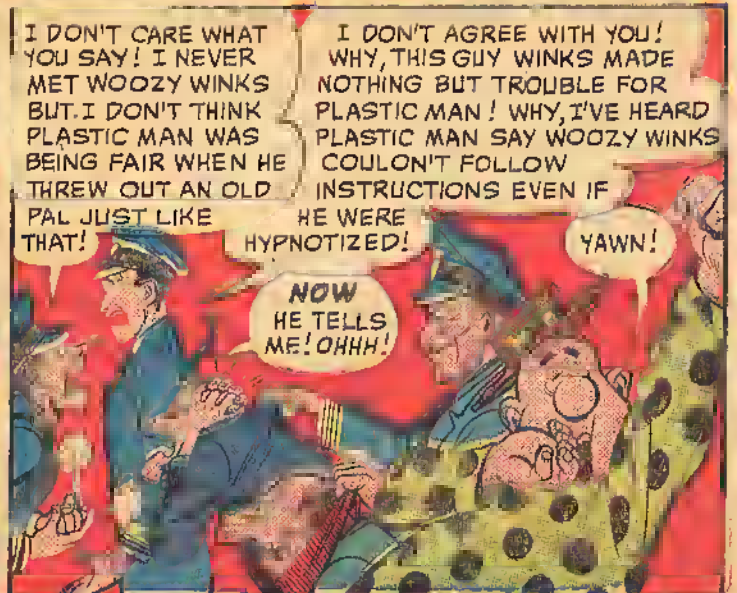
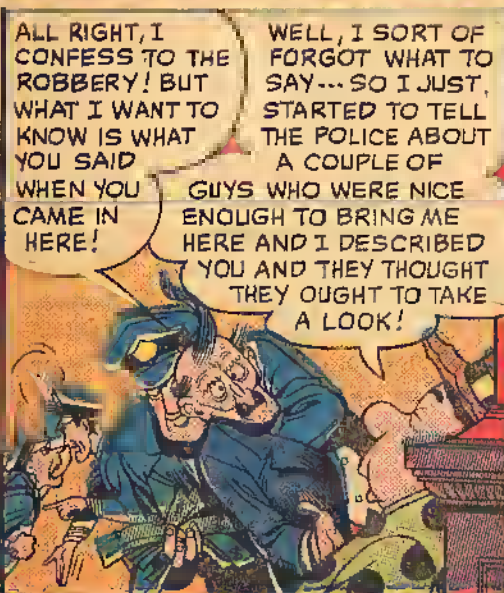
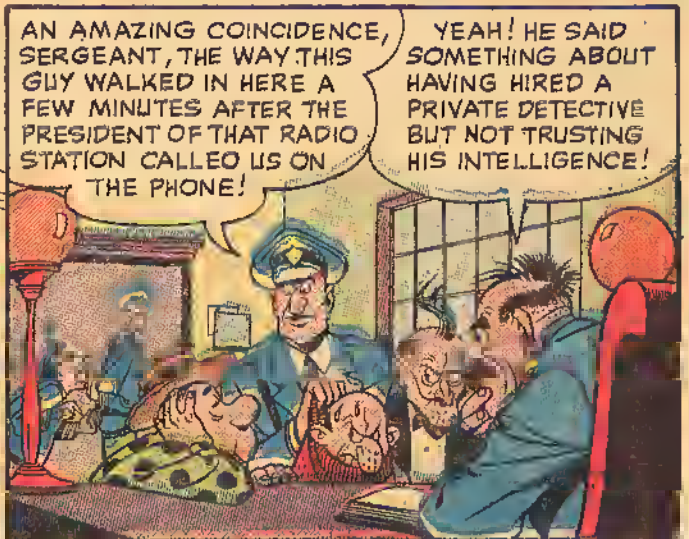
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



The DUMB TRICK

THE three hard-faced hoods stood around the upturned box in the gloom of the old warehouse. The light from a single unshaded bulb fell on the stacks of money laid out for division.

"What did I tell you dopes, hah? Didn't I say if you guys stuck with Foxy Frane, you'd be rolling in dough? Look at all that lettnce, and we got it as easy as falling off a log. The dumb cops are running in circles and the Feds are off chasing their tails."

"Yeah, Foxy," a hulking, brutish mobster wheezed, wetting his lips as he stared at the piles of money. "You're some smart boss. No copper'll ever lay hands on you."

Foxy's thin face hardened. "No thanks to you, Loopy, if they don't. Didn't I tell you to switch license plates on that getaway car you stole?"

"Aw," the big Loopy mumbled, "I forgot, Foxy. Honest, I meant to, but I clean forgot."

The sound of a vicious slap echoed through the warehouse. "Make one more dumb boner like that," Foxy spat, "and you'll be fitted for a cement overcoat. No half-witted gun-mug is going to fumble me into the electric chair."

Behind a wall of packing cases and cartons, Federal Agent Al Wade slid his gun into his hand and nudged the younger Agent, Dick Law, who crouched beside him. Dick drew his own gun and the two FBI men separated, creeping quietly around the ends of their hiding place.

"Reach!" Al Wade barked then, stepping into the dim light and covering the trio with his gun. Moving in from the other side, Dick Law added the weight of his weapon to the unseen menace that hung in the air.

With a wild curse, big Loopy clawed for his own gun. Al's pistol slammed once and Loopy's gun fell from suddenly paralyzed fingers. A moment later the trio was backed to the wall. Al nodded to his partner. "Take the loot, Dick. And keep an eye on Loopy and Mugs, there, while I handcuff them."

He walked over and gave Foxy a rough shove. "Go on, Stupid! Get out of here! Beat it, or

I'll run you in for associating with crooks."

Foxy's jaw dropped. "Wha . . . ? Me? You mean you ain't puttin' the arm on me?"

"Don't make me laugh," Al sneered. "The government isn't interested in prosecuting purse-snatchers. It's the leader of this mob we wanted and we've got him. Stick out your mitts, Loopy."

A red flush of rage swept over Foxy's thin face. He squawled: "That dumbhead? You think he's got brains enough to figure out the jobs we pulled? Don't hand me that, G-boy. You know I'm the brains of this outfit."

"Hah-hah!" Al Wade said contemptuously, and gave the raging figure another shove. "Get out, Master Mind. You're interfering with our pinch. Scram!"

They were all gaping dazedly at the FBI agent. Loopy, a look of bewilderment on his stupid face, could only stare. Mugs, the third crook, goggled wildly from face to face. Dick Law said nervously, "Hey, Al, are you sure you know what you're doing? We've been trying to nail this outfit for two months and we've had it filed as the Foxy Frane mob."

"Window-dressing," Al snapped. "Loopy's the brains of the gang. Putting the credit on a dope like Foxy here, just shows how smart he is."

Foxy opened his mouth and then snapped it shut. A look of sly triumph came into his eyes and without a word he whirled and scuttled off. Dick Law said, "Al, I don't know . . ."

"Don't let it throw you," Al said. "Let's go, boys."

For the next three days the capture was on the front pages of every newspaper. There were pictures of Loopy staring dumbly at the reporters, sitting stupidly in his cell, peering dazedly out through bars. There were fantastic stories of how sly and clever Loopy had been in eluding the FBI so long. There were even detailed articles covering the cleverness with which Loopy had planned elaborate crimes.

Dick finally pushed his way into Al's office. "I'm worried, Al," he confessed. "Maybe I'm screwy, but I just can't make these stories add

up. I can't find a particle of evidence that shows Loopy with sense enough to count his own toes."

Al laughed, a bit grimly. "Loopy is too dumb to come in out of the rain, Dick. He couldn't find his own hand in a glass mitten."

"But then . . ." Dick stuttered, "what . . . why . . . ?"

"Stick around, boy," Al said. "I'm riding a long hunch. If it doesn't pay off, I'll be an ex-Federal agent."

That day Al gave the bewildered newspapers another sensational story of Loopy's cleverness. In the story he showed at great length how the smart Loopy had persuaded a poor, half-witted hanger-on named Foxy Frane, to pose as leader of the gang. The FBI, Al told the scribbling reporters, had known the truth of the deception from the beginning but they had pretended to fall for the trick and had let it be known they were hunting the Foxy Frane mob.

That story set the wheels of command into motion. The Director of the FBI sent a long, bewildered teletype query to the Field Director for the region and the Field Director, who was as puzzled as his boss, sent for Al Wade and Dick Law. When the two were seated in his office, the Director snapped, "You've been working pretty hard, Al. I think a vacation would do you a world of good, boy. You've lost your perspective."

"Meaning those stories on Loopy?" Al asked.

"Meaning just that," the Director snapped, his lips thinning. "Good heavenly Agnes, man, you know as well as I do that Loopy is too dumb to master-mind anything more complicated than strong-arm stickup. Are you out of your mind, Al? You had Foxy with his pockets full of loot and you let him go."

"I didn't let him go," Al grinned. "I kicked the rat out."

"Why?" bellowed the Chief, his eyes wild. "For pete's sake, *why*?"

Al had been gazing thoughtfully out the window. Now he turned and some of the haggard lines went out of his grin. He jerked his head toward the window. "Hang onto your britches a second, Chief. I think the answer to all your questions is on the way in right now."

There was a commotion outside the door. Voices clamored and feet scuffled. The door burst open and a dishevelled agent, his arms wrapped around the squirming, cursing figure of Foxy Frane, stumbled into the room. "Look what I got, Chief," he panted. "I got Foxy Frane himself."

"You got me?" Foxy squawled furiously. "You dough-headed gumshoe, I got myself. I came here to find out what's the big idea, giving that dumb Loopy all the credit for my jobs? I'm the guy who figured out that Shenk's Express haul. I'm the guy who fingered the Bond Messenger and helped knock him over for a hundred grand. I'm the guy . . ."

"Aw," Al Wade interrupted wearily, "get lost, stupid!"

"Get lost?" Foxy screamed wildly. He began to jerk bundles of certificates and packets of bills out of his bulging pockets. "I'll show you who should get lost. Look at these. So I didn't plan those jobs, huh? Here are the bonds you dumb coppers never could find, see. Here are the marked bills from the Conway Trust holdup."

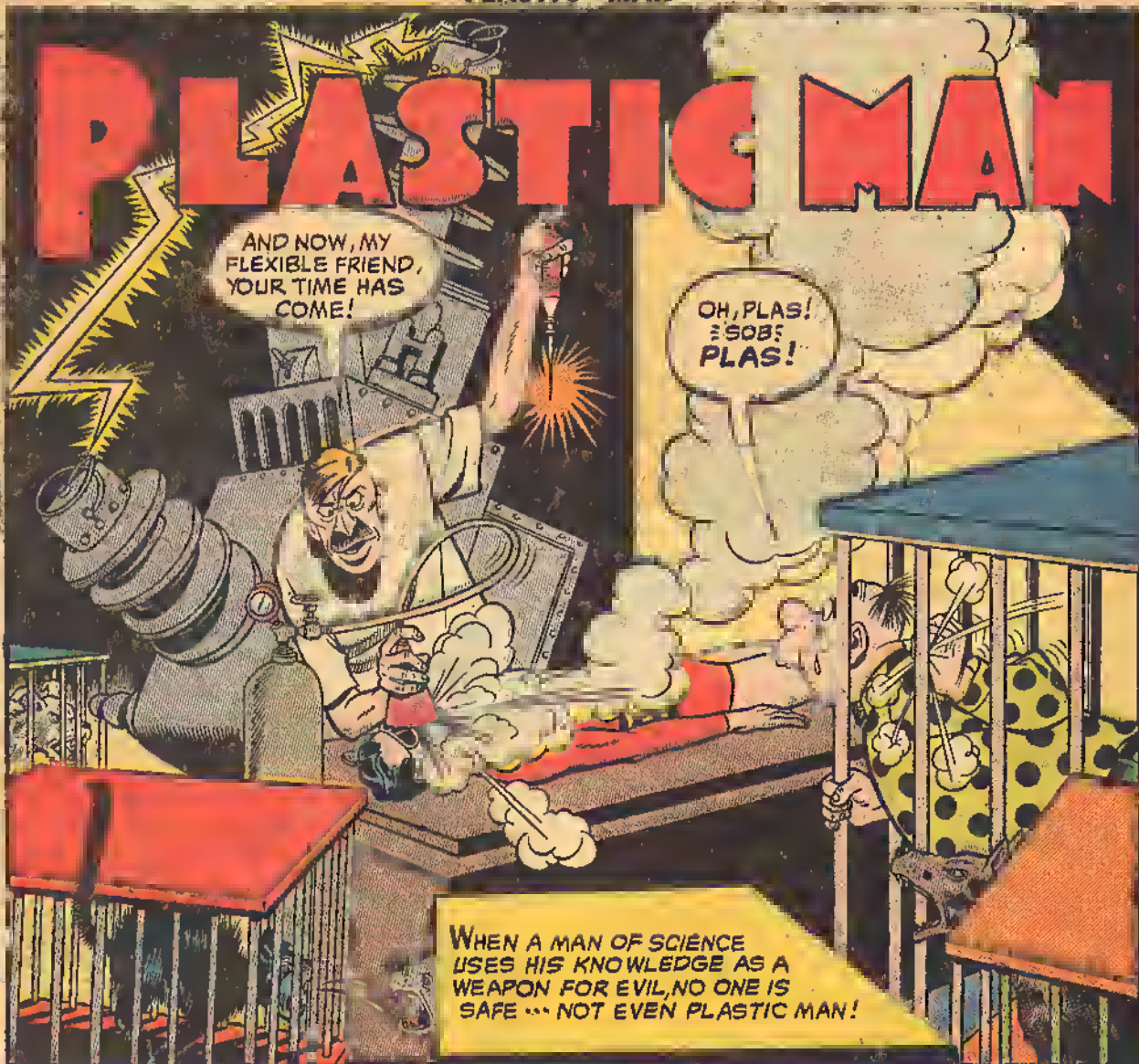
Al Wade turned and grinned happily at his gaping Chief. "Well, what are we waiting for, Chief? There are the bonds and the bills. Grab him!"

Afterward, when the furor had subsided and the screaming, cursing, slaverling Foxy had been safely locked away, the three men sat once again in the Chief's office. Al faced them with a grin of weariness that revealed the terrific strain of the past week.

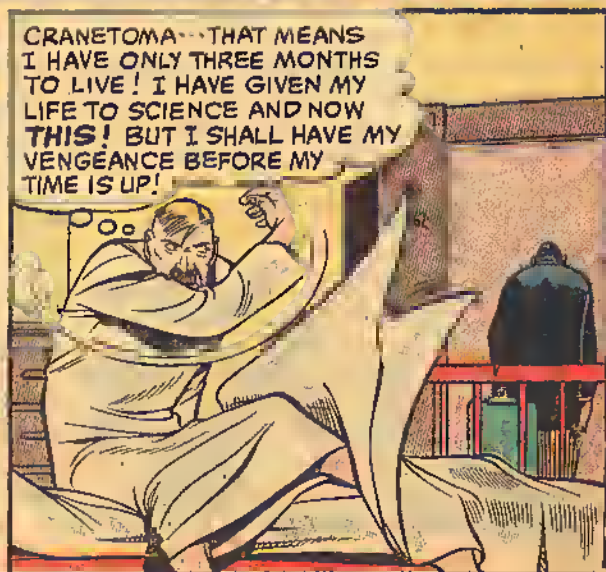
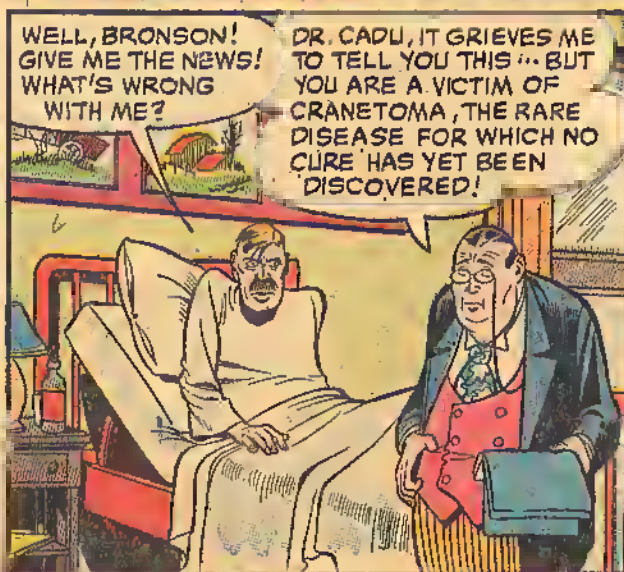
"I could have grabbed Foxy that day in the warehouse," he explained, "and his smart mouthpiece would have sprung him inside of twelve hours. We still didn't have the solid evidence we needed. So I tried psychology, Chief. I tossed Foxy out and needled him crazy with those newspaper stories giving a dope like Loopy the credit for his jobs. I figured sooner or later he'd crack under the strain, just the way he did today."

The Chief mopped his damp forehead and blew out a long breath. "Next time, let me in on your dumb tricks, will you? I blame near cracked under the strain myself, thinking my best agent had gone off hisrolley."

PLASTIC MAN



WHEN A MAN OF SCIENCE
USES HIS KNOWLEDGE AS A
WEAPON FOR EVIL, NO ONE IS
SAFE ... NOT EVEN PLASTIC MAN!

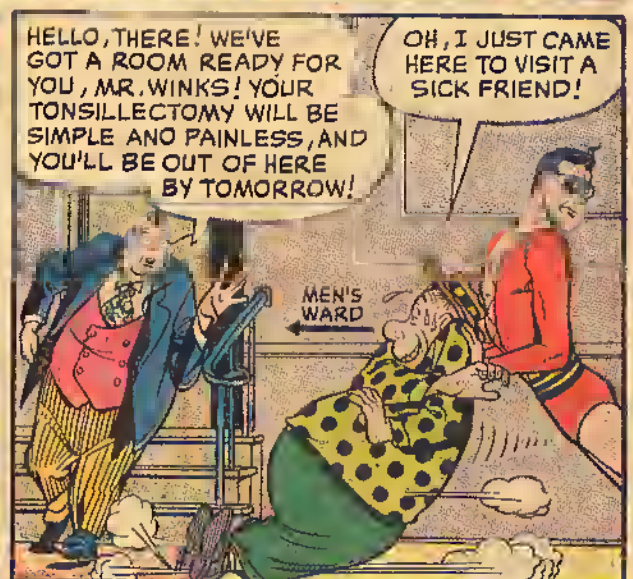
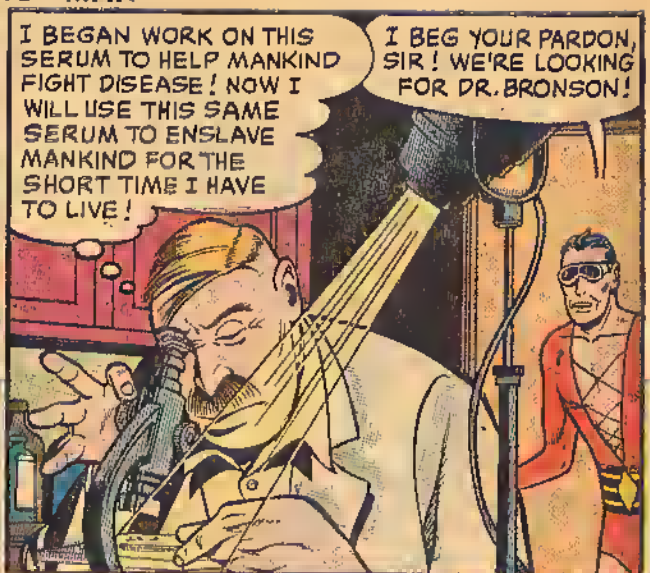
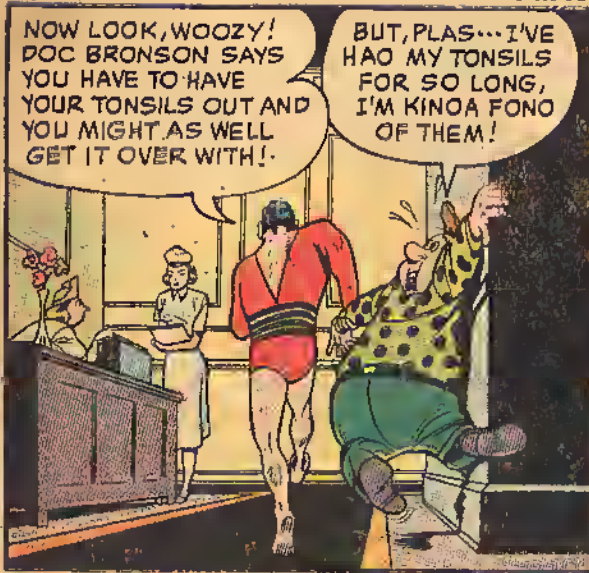


WELL, BRONSON!
GIVE ME THE NEWS!
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME?

DR. CADU, IT GRIEVES ME
TO TELL YOU THIS ... BUT
YOU ARE A VICTIM OF
CRANETOMA, THE RARE
DISEASE FOR WHICH NO
CURE HAS YET BEEN
DISCOVERED!

CRANETOMA ... THAT MEANS
I HAVE ONLY THREE MONTHS
TO LIVE! I HAVE GIVEN MY
LIFE TO SCIENCE AND NOW
THIS! BUT I SHALL HAVE MY
VENGEANCE BEFORE MY
TIME IS UP!

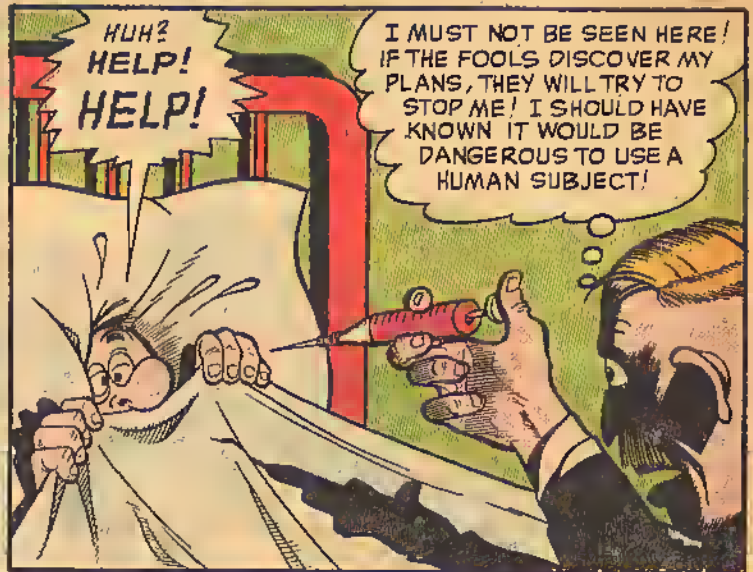
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

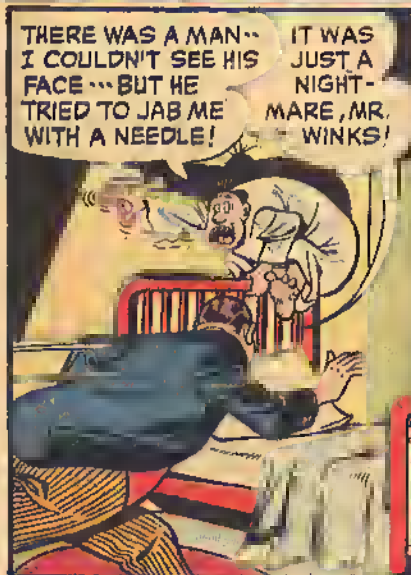


I SHALL USE THIS PATIENT AS A TEST CASE! BY INNOCULATING HIM WITH THE GERM SERUM, I TAKE MY FIRST STEP TOWARD BECOMING MASTER OF THE WORLD!



HUH?
HELP!
HELP!

I MUST NOT BE SEEN HERE! IF THE FOOLS DISCOVER MY PLANS, THEY WILL TRY TO STOP ME! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS TO USE A HUMAN SUBJECT!



THERE WAS A MAN... I COULDN'T SEE HIS FACE... BUT HE TRIED TO JAB ME WITH A NEEDLE!

IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE, MR. WINKS!



FOR A NIGHTMARE, IT SURE SEEMED REAL!

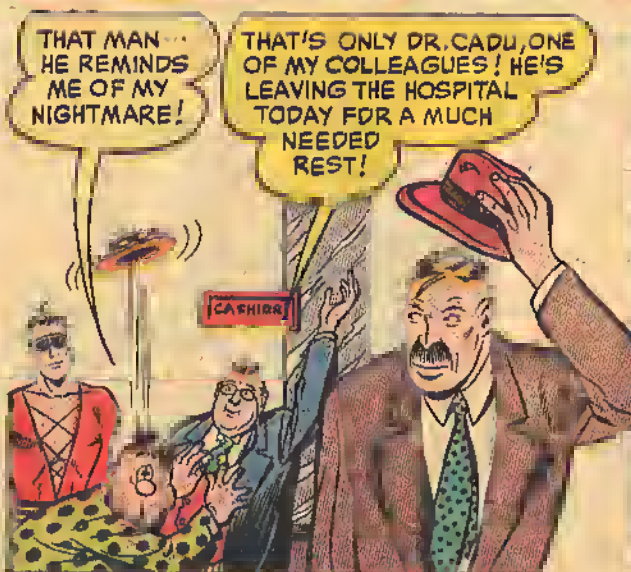
DRINK THIS AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!



NEXT MORNING...

NOW, THAT IT'S ALL OVER, WOOLY... IT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?

SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MADE ALL THAT FUSS ABOUT!



THAT MAN... HE REMINDS ME OF MY NIGHTMARE!

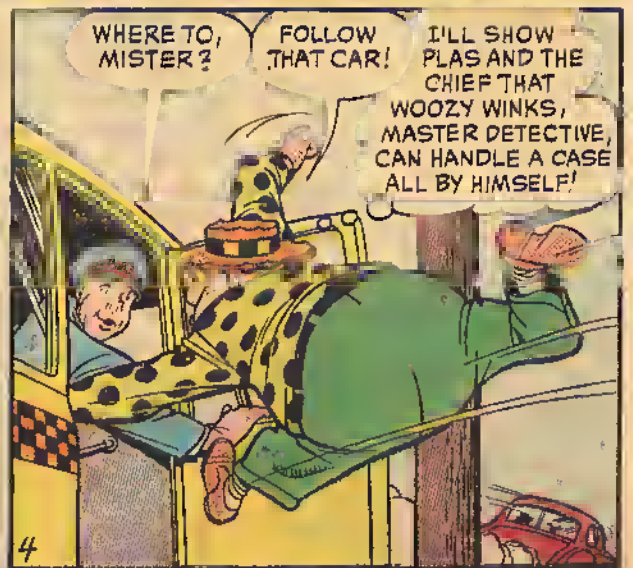
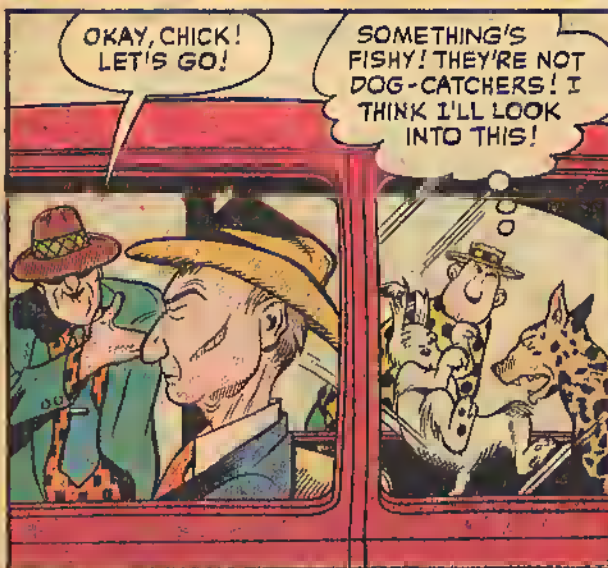
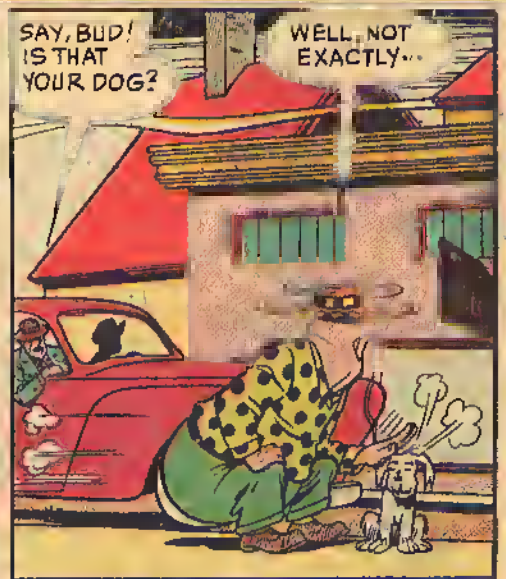
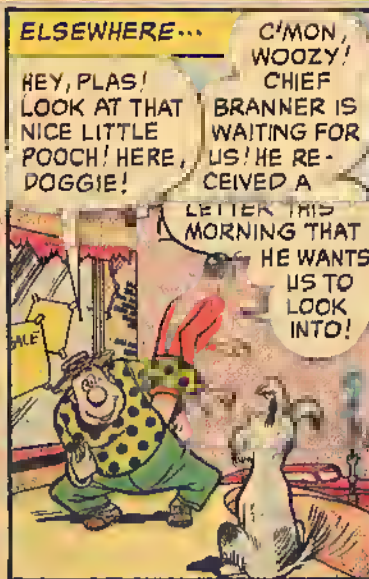
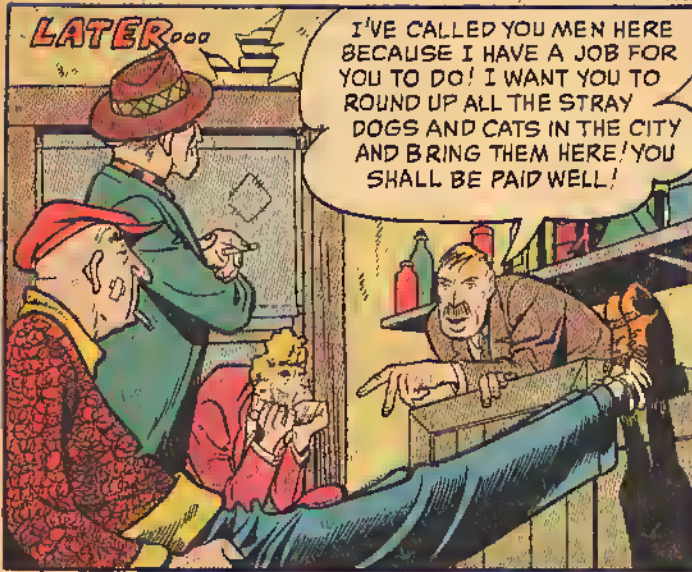
THAT'S ONLY DR. CADU, ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES! HE'S LEAVING THE HOSPITAL TODAY FOR A MUCH NEEDED REST!



SO LONG, DOC! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

THE SIMPLETONS THINK I'M GOING ON A CRUISE! IF THEY ONLY KNEW...

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

HELLO, CHIEF!
IS THAT THE
LETTER YOU
TOLD ME ABOUT
ON THE PHONE?

YES, AND I DON'T
KNOW IF THE MAN
WHO WROTE IT IS
A CRANK OR IF
HE'S DEADLY
SERIOUS!



*Chief Branner,
I have in my hands a
weapon that can wipe out
the population of this country
within a short time! I will not
use it if the sum of ten thousand
dollars is delivered tonight at
midnight to a man who
will be waiting at the
corner of Elm and
Third!*

"He was on the phone..."

AND HE GOES
ON TO SAY
THAT IF WE
REFUSE HIS
DEMAND, HE'LL
GO AHEAD
WITH HIS
PLANS FOR
DESTRUCTION!

THIS MAY BE MORE
THAN AN EMPTY
THREAT, CHIEF! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S COOKING!
AND WE'D BETTER
TAKE THE MONEY
TO MAKE HIM THINK
WE'RE GOING
ALONG
WITH HIM!



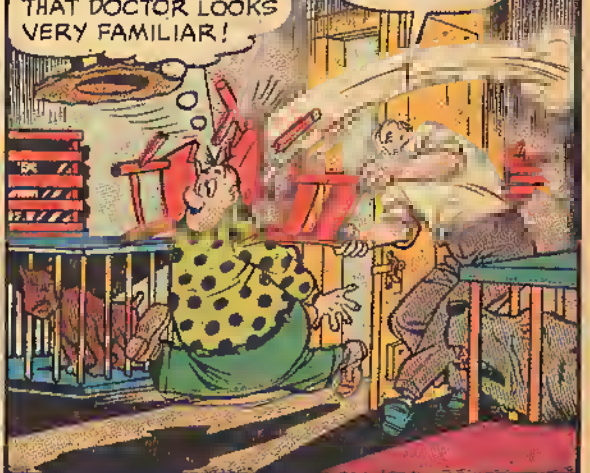
MEANWHILE

NOW TO INJECT THE
DEADLY GERM-CARRYING
SERUM INTO THIS DOG! IF
I GET THAT MONEY AT MID-
NIGHT, THEN I CAN DESTROY
THESE ANIMALS AND LIVE
LIKE A KING FOR THREE
MONTHS! IF NOT,
I'LL SET THESE
BEASTS
LOOSE!



THIS MUST BE A
DOG AND CAT
HOSPITAL... BUT
THAT DOCTOR LOOKS
VERY FAMILIAR!

YOU BLUNDERING,
INTERFERING IDIOT!
TAKE THIS!



A HUMAN SUBJECT AT LAST!
AND A FRIEND OF PLASTIC MAN'S,
TOO! OH, BUT IT IS ALMOST
MIDNIGHT! THIS EXPERIMENT
MUST BE POSTPONED! BUT
I HAVE JUST THOUGHT OF
ANOTHER WAY IN
WHICH YOU CAN BE
USEFUL!

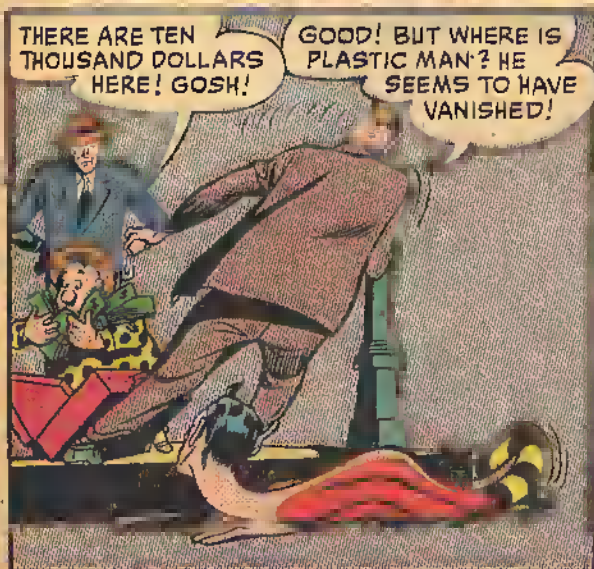
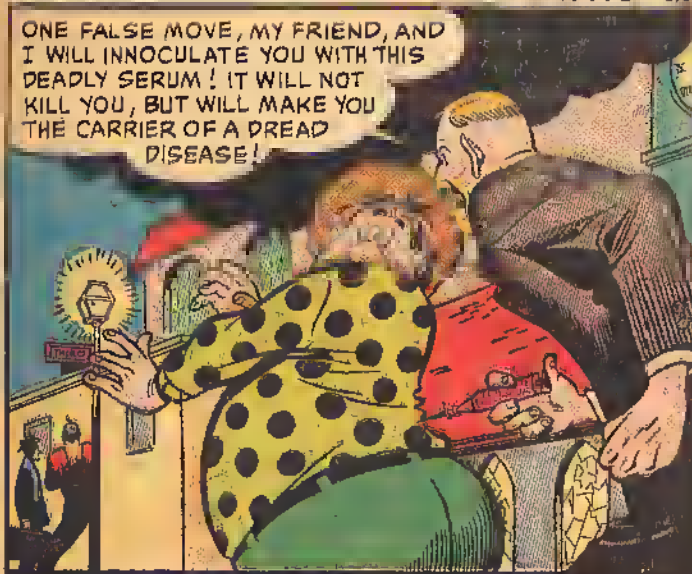


Midnight...

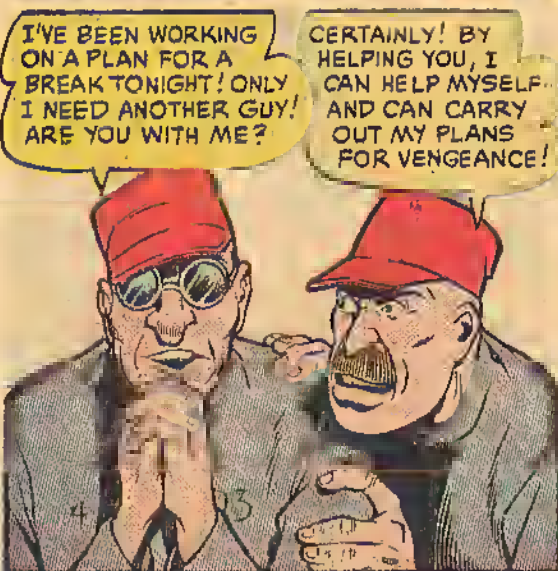
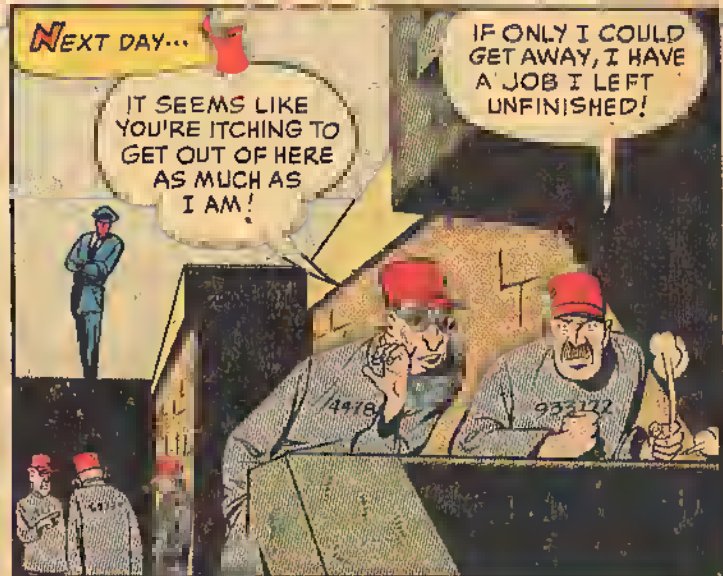
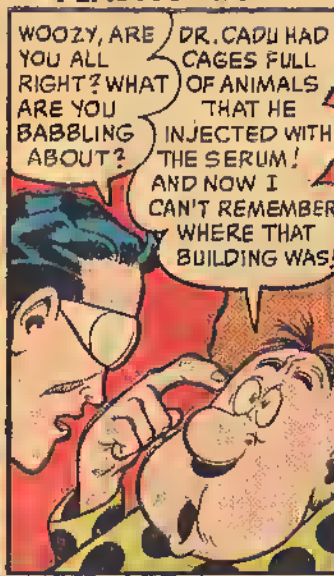
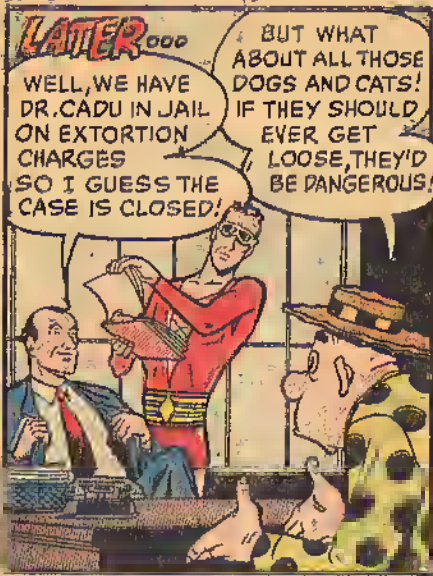
WELL, PLAS!
THIS IS IT!



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



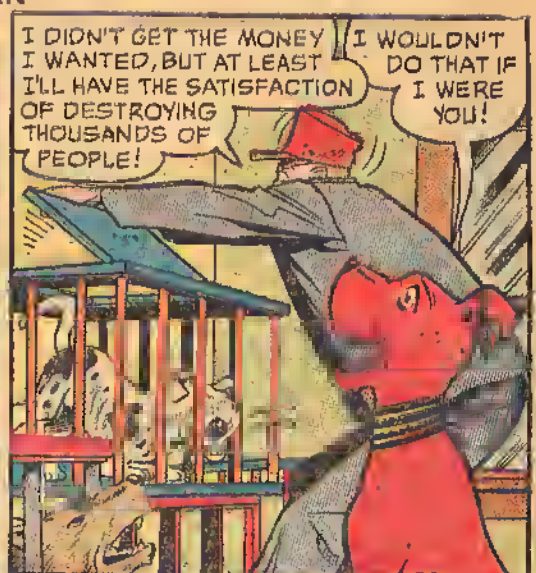
PLASTIC MAN



NOW THE BEST WAY TO FOLLOW CAPU UNDETECTED IS TO TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO A HARMLESS LITTLE DOG!



SO THIS IS IT! IT CERTAINLY IS AN OUT OF THE WAY PLACE! NO WONDER WOOLY COULDN'T REMEMBER IT!



I DIDN'T GET THE MONEY I WANTED, BUT AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF DESTROYING THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE!

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!



A TALKING DOG! I MUST BE GOING MAD!

NO, YOUR MADNESS STARTED BEFORE THIS... WHEN YOU DEvised YOUR DIABOLICAL SCHEME OF DESTRUCTION!



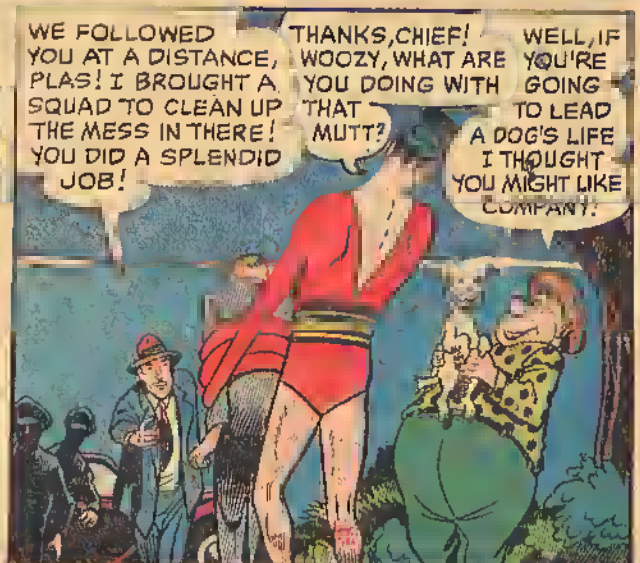
TWICE YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME! NOW I SHALL MAKE YOU A GERM-CARRIER TOO!

HAVE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, DOCTOR! THOSE DOGS LOOK LIKE THEY HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS AND MIGHT ENJOY TAKING A NIP OUT OF YOU!



I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... ONLY KEEP THOSE DOGS AWAY FROM ME!

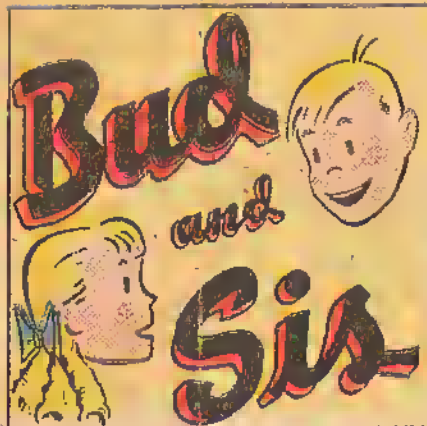
OKAY, LET'S GO! I TOLD THEM TO KEEP YOUR BED READY FOR YOU AT THE JAIL!



WE FOLLOWED YOU AT A DISTANCE, PLAS! I BROUGHT A SQUAD TO CLEAN UP THE MESS IN THERE! YOU DID A SPLENDID JOB!

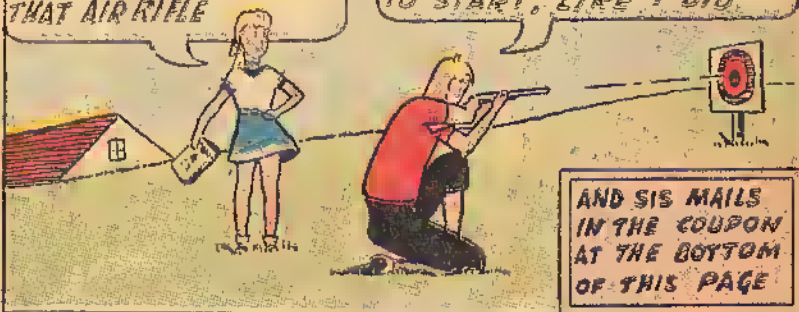
THANKS, CHIEF! WOOLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT MUTT?

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD A DOG'S LIFE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE COMPANY!



BUD, COULD I GET A WRIST WATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

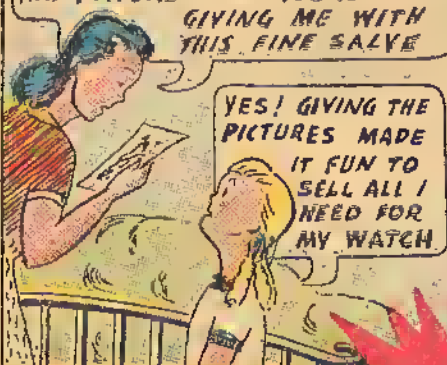
YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH

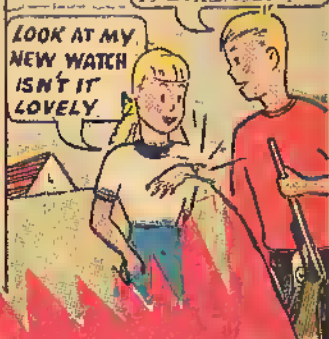


THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT

LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY



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Dept. C-108, Tyrone, Pa.



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St. or R. R. _____ Box _____

Town _____ Zone # _____ State _____

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I Will Train You at Home You Practice Servicing or Communications with MANY KITS

I've trained hundreds of men with no previous experience to be successful TECHNICIANS. I will train you, too. Or now you can enroll for my NEW practical course in Radio-Television Communications. Train for your FCC operator's or technician's license. You learn Radio-Television theory from clear, illustrated lessons in my tested home study courses.

As part of both my Servicing and Communications courses, I send you MANY KITS of modern equipment that "bring to life" theory you learn.



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As part of my New Communications course, I send parts to build this low-power broadcasting Transmitter that shows how to put a station "on the air." Perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, conduct many tests, experiments. It's yours to keep.

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Name _____
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